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Almost instinctively Nick grasped his rifle and looked inquiringly in the direction indicated by the dog.

# THE BLACKFOOT QUEEN;

Old Nick Whiffles in the Valley of Death.

A Sequel to Phantom Princess, Concluded on Second Page.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

Author of "The Phantom Princess; or, Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper."

CHAPTER I.

FOUR YEARS AFTERWARD.

Four years have passed, and the short, beautiful summer of the North-west has again folded mountain, prairie and stream in its loving embrace. The sky is clear and bright with sunshine, the streams, except among the mountains, are free from ice, and the face of nature is very different from what would be expected so soon after such severe weather.

In front of a rough, grotesque cabin, which has already been described to my reader, sits Nick Whiffles, cleaning his rifle. Although four years have passed since we last saw him, there is scarcely any perceptible difference in his appearance. In the grizzled beard which covers the greater part of his face, there may be seen a few more straggling hairs, but that is all. The eye is just as bright, the step as firm and powerful, and the smile as genial as ever. He is dressed in the same hunter costume, and so far as he is concerned, it seems that a few days only have passed since his participation in the rescue of Hugh Bandman and the Phantom Princess.

A short distance away, the rotund, sleeklooking Shagbark is browsing the rich, suc-culent grass, and at the side of his master, with his nose between his legs, dozes his

dog, Calamity.

Four years have made their mark in the career of Calamity, although he still bears up well under them. He is somewhat un-wieldy in his movements, and has become quite fond of basking in the warm sunlight, and of sleeping by the blazing fire during the terrible cold of winter. Perhaps he is a little more surly to strangers, too, and is disposed to resent undue familiarity upon the part of any one. But he loves Nick as well, and his dangerously-sharp teeth are

ready to be used in his service at any time. The old hunter seems to be in a reverie this afternoon, and his motions in cleaning his weapon are almost mechanical, his thoughts being far away upon different mat-

ters altogether. Suddenly he stops polishing the already-gleaming rifle-barrel that is stretched across his knees, and with one hand pressing down

his father, and with Hugh and his wife. They left the little gal behind them, and that same gal has growed into one of the purtiest creeturs that a man ever sot eyes on.

At this point one of his broad smiles illuminated his face, and he added in a confidential tone to himself:

"I wonder, now, ef I was a mind, ef I couldn't raise a condemned diffikilty there. No one dare say I ain't handsome, and then I've heerd tell of folks gettin' married as old as my father would be ef he were living today."

day."

He smiled a few moments in the enjoy-

ment of his own fancy, and then his face became sober again.

No; the day has gone by fur Nick Whiffles to think of sich things. He is married to the woods, and peraries, and mountains, but Miona, if Ned hasn't forgot his promise, it'll pay him to come out here to see her. It's about a month sin' I was through the village, and she looked purty 'nough to fly off like an angel. She hasn't forgot Ned, neither, and axed me about him; but I could n't tell her nothin'. All I know is that Ned and his old man went to England, as they call it, in the same vessel that carried Hugh and the Phantom. There's been a trapper down here every spring to ax about the gal, that I s'pose Hugh and his wife sent, and there's no danger of their forgetting her-

At this juncture, Calamity threw up his head, pricked up his ears, and uttered a growl—an indication that some stranger was at hand. Almost instinctively Nick grasped his rifle, and looked inquiringly in

the direction indicated by the dog.

"What is it, pup?" he demanded, in an undertone; "any call for powder and ball?"

The reply speedily came. The crackling of the undergrowth was heard, and the next moment a young man in the jaunty costume of an Evaliah contravage at the contravage of the contrava of an English sportsman stepped into the clearing. He wore the velvet cap, coat and vest, the high-topped boots, the leather covering the knees, the powder-flask at the side, and the richly-mounted rifle of the professional butter-framework. sional hunter of civilization, and there was an ease and self-possession in his manner acquired only by long and genuine practice

in hunting game. his knees, and with one hand pressing down and grasping it, and shoving his coon-skin cap back from his forehead with the other, he exclaims:

"I swow to gracious! if it ain't four years ago this very summer sin' Ned left me, with as of a muscular mold, and would have gazed at him. At any the friend of his mast frank and prepossessing, with his dark, have left eyes, the ruddy, rose-tinted cheeks, and their soft "mutton-chop" whiskers. He was of a muscular mold, and would have by side, and Ned said:

pulled a good stroke with the famed Oxford |

crew of his own country.

He paused a moment in front of the hunt er, and then, with beaming face, walked rapidly toward him, holding out his hand.
"How do you do, my old friend? God bless you, Nick Whiffles, have you forgotten Ned Hazel?"

Nick mechanically took the proffered hand, slowly rose to his feet, and with open mouth stared at the young man in a dazed sort of way, as though he did not understand what it all meant.

"What's the matter, Nick? Have I

changed so much that you don't know me? Why, I knew you the minute I placed eyes on you," continued the sportsman, laughing in a way that showed his handsome white teeth, while he shook the hand of the trapper with such violence that his whole body

"Thunderation!" finally gasped Nick;
"can it be possible? Are you my own Ned?
Why, you war a boy when you left me, and
I've been thinking of you as the same boy

'I was over fifteen then; now I am nearly twenty. Is there any thing wonderful in

Wonderful ?- I never see'd any thing

"Wonderful?—I never see'd any thing like it! What do you weigh?"
"Only a hundred and seventy-five."
"Thirty pound more than I do: let me take a nearer look at you," continued Nick, scrutinizing his face very closely. "There's them hazel eyes, sartin, just as bright and purty as they was, when they looked at me from the bottom of the cance sixteen or from the bottom of the canoe, sixteen or seventeen years ago. Lift your cap that I may see your forehead a little better."

The young man removed his cap entirely and stood in a smiling but meek attitude before the sorely puzzled trapper.
"Your hair is as soft and silky as it was

then, your eyebrows are the same, and there's the scar where the grizzly b'ar nipped you with his nail, and your cheeks are as red as ever, but them condemned whiskers, they spile you."
"I fancied they were rather becoming,"

said the young man, with a rueful face, as he caressed them with his hand; "however, Nick, do you still doubt my identity?"

"No; I b'l'eve you're the giniwine animile, and we'll shake hands ag'in on it. God be thanked, Ned, I'm glad to see you. Set down, set down; Calamity don't know yer, although he's eying you purty sharp."
"How are you, pup?" said Ned, turning toward the dog, and patting his head.

Perhaps, away down in the lowermost depths of the memory of the animal was a dim, flickering shadow of the handsome in-dividual before him, and a faint gleam of intelligence lit up the eye of Calamity as he gazed at him. At any rate he knew he was the friend of his master. That was sufficient, and seating himself upon his haunches

he gazed contentedly upon the two men.
The two friends sat down on the log, side

"Before going any further, Nick, let me ask you when you saw Miona last?"
"A short month ago, and she was as well and purty as ever; but, how is it you're here, Ned? You was to wait five years, and that won't be till another winter has come and gone.

You're right, Nick; but, do you suppose I could content myself away from her any longer? I did my best: I have been to school, and studied hard; indeed I am by no means through with my schooling yet. I finally told the folks that I couldn't stand it any longer, and they gave their consent; so I took the first ship for Fort Churchill; Bandman and his wife came with me, so as Bandman and his wife came with me, so as to be here to meet us. I reached the fort about a month ago, and found a small party just getting ready to start to Oregon. As I was pretty well known at head-quarters, I was given charge of the half-dozen men, and began working our way down to this point. We intend to visit the village, if it is safe, and barter with them; but, of course I couldn't near anywhere near you without I couldn't pass anywhere near you without stopping to see you, and then, before I go near the place, I want to learn how the land lies, and to engage you to accompany us."
"Where are the men?"

"A number of miles up the river; I came on ahead, and made an appointment to meet them to-morrow morning near the bend; so

I am going to spend the afternoon and night with you."

"I only wish it was going to be a year," remarked Nick, with a tremulous voice.

"I've been counting the months I would have to wait fur you, and I never dreamed you war goin' to cut 'em short, by a whole

'But you ain't sorry, I am sure," exclaimed Ned, in his hearty way, as he struck his hand upon the knee of the smiling trapper. "I have been in correspondence with Miona ever since I left. It takes a long time for a letter to go from here to London and back again, and we didn't average many a year; but Mrs. Bandman had an arrangement, by which we knew when to send, and when to expect letters."

"I know they get letters at the fort from England, but how did they send 'em down

"There was a hunter—Tim Nevins—who was employed to pass between the village and the fort, and he did his duty well. So you see, I am here, and before we talk of old times, my best and truest of friends, tell me all you know about the darling of my heart. You have just told me she is well, and handsome, of course, but is she treated with consideration and respect among the Indians ?"

The same as she allers was." "She doesn't expect me, because I wanted to surprise her; but when I was on my voyage across the Atlantic, a strange fear came over me. It occurred to me that such a beautiful and good woman as Miona must be admired among the Indians, and it is no

more than likely that she has several dusky

lovers, who are looking hopefully forward to the time when she is to become a wife."

Nick Whiffles turned and looked sharply in the face of his young friend, and then answered, in a startling voice:

"You're right!"
"Explain!" commanded Ned, turning

"I've a 'spicion of one man. Thar may be plenty of others—and I make no doubt thar is—that would give thar heads for her, but thar's only one that she need be afeard of, and that's Red Bear, the son of the old chief Woo well he?"

chief Woo-wol-na. What about him?" demanded the lover,

what about him?" demanded the lover, with a painful eagerness.
"Mind, the gal hasn't told me any thing, but I 'spicion, fact is, I'm sartin, that they've fixed that she shall be his squaw."

"In the face of the solemn agreement—"
"Mighty!" interrupted the trapper,
"what's all the trainin' I give you amount to? Haven't you l'arnt a red-skin's natur'

"If they had given any reason to believe that they intended to keep their part of the agreement, none would be more conscienagreement, none would be more conscientious in keeping mine; but, as they intend to perpetrate a great wrong, I shall now do my utmost to get her out of their hands, with as little delay as possible."

"You're right," said Nick, "and here's my hand upon it. We'll go down to the village together, and look round to see how things look, and arter that we'll fix the way we're goin' to act."

we're goin' to act."
"There's no danger of my identity being

suspected."

"Not much," laughed the trapper. "I don't b'le've the gal herself can be made to b'l'eve it's you till arter you've spent a week in swearin' to it, and then, arter all, she'll think it's your big brother."

"In that case, we will go together to the

"In that case, we will go together to the village. Oh! if I could but see her!" he exclaimed, springing up in his excitement. "One look, one glance at her—I would walk

"P'r'aps you needn't go quite so fur as that, though they're apt to keep her powerful shady when white folks ar' about."

They sat in delightful converse, until the avening was drawing to a close when Nick

evening was drawing to a close, when Nick

looked up.

"It's gettin' dark, and we'll go in, take supper, and start bright and airly in the mornin'." "Have you any traps set?"

"Yas; but they don't need lookin' arter, and we'll tend to 'em in the mornin'."

The two walked into the hermit-like resi-

dence, where they ate their old-fashioned supper together, and then followed a long talk, in which each gave the other the particulars of his life for the previous four years. Finally they lay down and slept.

CHAPTER II.

WHERE WAS HE? Long before the sun was up, Nick Whif-fles and Ned Mackintosh were astir. The old hunter had a number of traps, from which during the winter he managed to secure a most valuable lot of peltries. His experience and intimate knowledge of the country, taught him where to search for the haunts of the otter and beaver, and he always had a nice little income from his furs,

caught during the winter. It was with strange emotions that the young man made his round of the traps. Every thing looked familiar—the appearance of the trees and vegetation, the smell of the woods, the clear, stinging air—all revived powerfully the memories, that had almost faded during the rush of events, during the four years that had been spent in another hemisphere and among scenes the very antipodes of these.

But here he had spent his childhood, and never could these scenes and incidents be

In each of the half-dozen traps visited, was found a good plump beaver, every one of which was killed and dressed by Ned's own hand, and they reached the cabin again and made their breakfast upon the deli-

cate tails of the creatures.

Then they took a half-hour's ramble in the woods, the young man bringing down an antelope with a skill which elicited the admiration of the veteran trapper, who de-clared it was done almost as nearly as he could have done it himself.

could have done it himself.

"I have kept up my practice at home," replied Ned. "There our hunting is somewhat different from this, but both require good marksmanship, and I can never lose the taste I acquired for it under you; but my men will be at the bend and we have little time to lose."

Calling out a journal forward to the second of the second

Calling out a jocund farewell to Shagbark, lazily munching the grass, and accompanied by Calamity, who seemed to be unusually frisky this morning, Nick plunged into the woods, and led the way toward the river along which he had spent so many years of As they reached the bank, a long Indian

canoe was found there, and the six men, upon being called, speedily made their appearance. They were hardy, brown-looking fellows, all acquainted with Nick and glad to meet him.

Courageous and fully armed, they had greater fear of the North-west men than they had of any Indians, and they made particular inquiries of Whiffles as to whether they were liable to encounter them on the or not.

The trapper had seen and heard nothing of them during the spring, but he could not guarantee either their appearance or their non-appearance at any time. So, he advised the Hudson Bay men to be on the look-

Suspecting that they were in advance of

the North-west traders, the little party pulled with a will down-stream. They were in ed with a will down-stream. They were in too dangerous territory to fancy it much, and having no wish to have another collision with the members of the great rival company, of course they used every effort to make their stay as short as possible.

"Do you see that?" asked one of the trappers, as they stepped into the cance, pointing at the same time to a rigid scar across the upper part of his nose. "Wal, one of

the upper part of his nose. "Wal, one of them blamed Nor westers done it, and as long as we've got sich a small company, my long as we've got sich a small company, my take; but this yer's wust nor that."

Thousand a great sigh, that showed how

advice is to steer clear of 'em."

They kept the keen "look-out" as they journeyed along, but were greatly relieved at the end of a couple of days, when they rounded to in front of the village, without meeting any other white men.

It was arranged that Nick Whiffles should

act his old part of "go-between," or interpreter, Ned Mackintosh landing with him. The first person with whom they exchanged a word was Red Bear, who came to the water's edge with his father to meet them.

As may be supposed, the young lover scrutinized his savage rival, with any thing but amiable feelings.
"Confound him!" he muttered, as he

"Confound him!" he muttered, as he glanced sideways at him, "it would do me good to bury three or four balls from my revolver in your skull. The idea of your presuming to the notice of my Miona!"

With a heart fluttering with hope, he looked here, there and everywhere in the hope of catching a glimpse of the girl herself, but not the first indication of her was discovered and at a sign from Nick he withdrew

ed, and, at a sign from Nick, he withdrew, leaving him to carry on the interview alone.
While the bartering and exchange was

going on, the old trapper stood apart talking earnestly with Woo-wol-na and Red Bear.

Mackintosh feigned to take no notice of them, but, as may be supposed, his interest was no less than theirs; and, when his friend came back to him, and they put out in the stream, he could scarcely restrain his impa-

Nick speedily explained.

"I swow to gracious if I could hardly keep my hands off of both them old rips!" he exclaimed, with considerable feeling.

"What did they say?"

"You know they've never objected to my seeing the gal, when I axed fur her. The fust thing I done, was to ax 'em to let her come down and have a word or two with me: (you see I wanted you to git a sight of me; (you see I wanted you to git a sight of her,) and what do you think they said?"

"I am sure I can not tell."
"That she was gitting ready to git married to the scalawag of a Red Bear, and she hadn't time. It was mighty hard work when I heerd that to keep from making a con-demned diffikilty with 'em, but I held in, and, jist for the fun of the thing, axed 'em what they war goin' to do when the friends of the gal come arter her next spring. They said, that wouldn't make no difference. She was the pledged wife of Red Bear, and ef they made any muss, she'd be put in the Death Lodge and there'd be the end of it."

Ned gnashed his teeth.
"Why didn't I shoot him at once? If I had known it, I couldn't have prevented my-

self—"
"Hold on!" said Nick, with a fatherly wave of his hand. "I got mad enough fur both of us. We've l'arned how the land

both of us. We've farned how the land-lays, and now we'll go to work."

"Nick," said his young friend, after a few minutes' thought, "I feel that I can't go back without seeing Miona. As she is un-doubtedly in the village, what is to prevent my getting out of the boat and going back and watching my opportunity?"

As may be supposed the transper opposed.

As may be supposed, the trapper opposed this, but the young fellow pleaded, and the old hunter, out of his great love, consented against his judgment, that the attempt should

So, when they had ascended the river about a half-mile, and were beyond all sight of the village, he was put ashore. It was about the middle of the afternoon, and the agreement was that Ned was to be

proach as nigh the village as was safe, and there to wait in the hope of seeing her. If with her, apprising her of his presence, and what he and Nick proposed doing for her.

If he should fail to see her at all, he gave his promise to be at the spot by nightfall.

The traders had orders to continue on up the property of the state of the s

the river and make all haste into British territory, where there was no danger of elested by the dreaded Nor'westers.

Nick Whiffles, left alone with Calamity sat down on the ground to await the return of his young friend with the stoical patience of an Indian himself.

Not until the night was considerably advanced did he feel any misgiving. Still he waited and listened, until at last, the gray light of morning filled the woods, but still there was no Ned Mackintosh.
"What kin be the diffikilty?" he mutter-

ed, as he and Calamity took the trail and followed it; "ef they've harmed my Ned, I'll skulp every Blackfoot this side the Rocky Mountains. Hyer's the trail of the lad as plain as day; take it, Calamity, and we'll foller it to the end. Ef he's in the wigwam of Woo-wol-na or Red Bear, he's got to come out, and ef he's in that infarnal Death Lodge, I'll burn it down, by mighty!"

The gray eyes of the trapper lit up with a furious gleam, and there was no mistaking his deadly earnestness, as with long strides he struck into the woods, following close to the dog, who, with nose to the ground, was on the trail of the young hunter, and keeping it with the certainty of a Siberian blood

But ah! a sudden "diffikilty" presented itself; for scarce a hundred yards were passed, when he came to a small creek, the existence of which he had entirely forgotten. A short examination showed that Ned had entered a canoe, which was evidently lying there, and supposing he had crossed, Nick adjusted his rifle and swam over; but to his surprise there were no indications of the canoe having landed, either above or

He spent the entire day in searching the banks of the creek, following both sides up and down for fully a mile, and using Calamity to assist him. The result was nothing.

The second morning he visited the village, and day after day was spent in searching for his "dear Ned," dearer now than ever, and yet he obtained not the slightest

clue.

He was completely baffled, foiled, and finally in despair he turned his back upon the Blackfoot village and sought his lonely home in the wilderness, feeling as though it would be a relief to throw off the burden of life, and take his departure to his last

But he could not content himself in idleness and he soon renewed the vain hunt.

CHAPTER III.

THE "CONDEMNEDST DIFFIKILTY" OF ALL. "OF all the condemned diffikilities that I've ever been in, this yer's the worst," mut-tered Nick Whiffles. "I thought it was purty bad when me and Calamity got separated that night in the storm, when my cance upset, and Calamity landed in the wrong place, and my gun sunk to the bottom, and the snow was falling so fast that I couldn't see the length of my nose ahead of

He heaved a great sigh, that showed how deep his feelings were, and looked plaintively out on the river flowing by. He was quite a distance from home, and was standing on the bank of the stream, upon which he had

hunted and trapped so often.

He had now spent the greater part of a week in hunting for his young friend Ned, who had so strangely disappeared while searching for Miona, and yet had discovered no clue at all. He had visited the Blackfoot village, and with a daring that attested his affection, as well as his bravery, had actually

put some searching questions to Red Bear.
"And he answered them as innercent as a lamb, too," muttered the trapper, "but, for all that, I know that the old copper-skin could tell me all about him, ef he war a mind to open them lips of his. I don't know whether Ned has gone under, or whether he still floats his sticks, but somehow or other I think he's walkin' the airth, and I hope I shall soon see him ag'in, 'though it ain't sartin," he added, as if to reprove himself for this

sudden spasm of hope. "It's put me and you to our stumps, Calamity," he added, looking down with his old quizzical smile, at his dog sitting at his feet. duizzical smile, at his dog stiting at his feet.

"We've tramped the woods night and day, but it didn't do no good. Ned left in a canoe, and you and me, pup, hain't l'arned to track a man over the water yet, 'though we've tried it often 'nough."

He stood a few minutes longer, looking

out on the surface of the river, with that absent, meditative manner, which showed how much his heart was enlisted in the work he

Then, with another great sigh, he contin-

"Poor Ned! I wonder if he knows how much old Nick Whiffles loves him! and then to think that he come all the way across the great ocean, a year ahead of his time, to see the little gal, that I s'pose he's dreamed about night and day ever since, and now who kin tell where the feller is—"

The old trapper suddenly recoiled a step,

while his bronzed face flashed up as though some wonderful vision had passed before him. But it was only a thought that had come to him so suddenly, and that had so aroused him from his mournful reverie.

"Why didn't I think of it before? That's what I orter done in the fust place. I must see Miona myself, and tell her every thing that's happened; she knows more about the ways of Red Bear and the Injins round her

"I'll set her to work; I've see'd that gal often 'nough to l'arn that thar's something in her more than common women. Then she loves that young Ned, just as much as he loves her, and she'll move heaven and yarth till she l'arns what's become of the chap that's growed into as purty a man as he war a boy. I must see her, and I'll start at once" I'll start at once."

Throwing his rifle over his shoulder, he Throwing his rine over his shoulder, he moved off at a rapid stride through the wood toward the point where he had left his canoe, but had taken scarcely a dozen steps when he abruptly paused.

"What is it, pup? Something on the river, eh? Red or white-skin? Man or four-learned witten?"

legged critter ?--

ck started again, for at that mom cance came in sight, scarcely a hundred feet distant, and seated in the center who should he see but the very person whom above all others (excepting one) he desired to meet.
"Wal, ef thar war ever a special Provi-

dence, that isn't any thing else. I was just going down to the village after Miona, dying to see her, when here she comes. The sharp-eyed girl was not likely to miss seeing so prominent an object as a man

standing on the bank, and recognizing her old friend Nick Whiffles, she nodded pleasantly to him, and turned her canoe toward the land.

Leaping out as lightly as a fawn, she placed her little hand in his large, rough palm, and said she was always happy to see And it does an old chap like me a pow-

erful heap of good to look on such a purty, sweet face as yourn. What ar' you thinkin' bout, Miona?" I was just thinking while paddling along

in my canoe, that four years have passed since father, mother and Ned left me here Only one year more and he is to come for

And the face of the girl glowed with her heartfelt happiness—happiness that was born of great, pure, eternal love for him who had won it when she was but a mere girl.

There was no doubt there—no fear that in

the far-away scenes of his home, where he had been years growing and developing into a splendid young man, where he encountered "civilized" beauties every day—no thought that his right loyal heart would ever falter in its devotion to its first love. Miona was happy.
"It is now summer," she continued in the

same glad voice; "soon will come the snow and ice, and we shall be locked up in our lodges, until the warm sun breaks up our rivers, drives away the snow, and the flowers come in the woods again—and then he is to come. Oh, Nick, can you wonder that I feel happy? But what is the matter, my dear friend? You look sad and troubled

over something.' "So I am, so I am," he answered, with another sigh, as he drew the back of his hand in a suspicious manner across his

Is there any thing I can do for you?"

she asked in a sympathetic voice, as she tenderly laid her hand on his arm.

"No, no; it's all 'bout you; it ain't me alone, but you, too, are in the condemnedest diffikilty of your life. What's the use? Mighty! I might as well make a calf of my-

self and out with it." And then, summoning all his self-command, the trapper told the whole story to the girl—how Ned Mackintosh, impelled by his devotion to her, had not been willing to wait until the expiration of the probationary five years, but was already in America, had come all the way from Fort Churchill, with a party of traders, and had visited the Blackfoot village feeling that he must have one look at her, and then perhaps he could wait until the coming spring; how he had talked

with Red Bear, face to face, believing the chief could not recognize him, since he had changed so much that even Nick himself had no suspicion of his identity, when he presented himself before him; and then determined that he would see his beloved, he had left the traders, and gone off—and since then nothing had been seen or heard of

"It's all my fault, too," he added, in a self-reproachful voice. "I had no business to let him go, but then I love him so much that I couldn't refuse him any thing he

For a few moments, the emotions of Miona were too painful to permit her to speak; after awhile she gained control of herself and said. You are not to blame for any thing that

has happened; your services to all of us can never be overestimated. I saw you both, when you were at the village a few days ago, and little did I dream that that young man was Ned."

"You see'd us then?" asked Nick, flashing up, with a new interest. "I didn't know at."
'I saw you both; why didn't you ask for

"Ask for you? That's about all that I did do, and wasn't I told that you war so busy gittin' ready to be married to Red Bear that

you hadn't time to see other folks?"

"Were you told that?" asked Miona, with a pale, terrified look.

a paie, terrined look.

"Yas; and more too. They told me that you had agreed to marry Red Bear—though I knowed that war a lie—and they didn't intend to give you up, and that if anybody includes the second part of the second lie tried to take you, you would be put in the

Death Lodge."
"Now, I understand it all," replied the girl, speaking as though some new light had just broken in upon her mind.

Hain't that varmint bothered you any?" "I could not help seeing, for a year past; that Red Bear was quite an admirer, but he has always shown me a certain deference,

has always shown me a certain deference, and has never pressed matters."

"He ain't ready yet—when the time comes, he will do it fast enough. How is it you're 'lowed to run loose?"

"I have always consented to keep out of sight when we had visitors, and only when they supposed none were near have I been permitted to take my canoe, or hunt in the woods, but I nearly always have a companion, and even now I expect soon to be joined by the sister of Red Bear, who is to meet

me a little way up the river.

"But, Nick," said Miona, rousing herself with an Amazonian dignity, "we must find Ned, if he is living!"

She pronounced the last clause in a tremulous voice, and looked appealingly to the trapper, who hastened to say:

"I think he's above-ground—and now, Miona, can you meet me here to-night?"

I will, if you wish it.' "Have you l'arned or heerd nothin' that

woke your 'spicions?"
"Not a syllable."

"Then go back to the village, and don't show you spect any thing, but do all you kin to find out what has 'come of that Ned. You're smart, and I b'lieve you kin do it. Meet me here, jist as the moon is risin', and tell me what you've l'arned."

The girl promised that it should be done. At that moment, she saw no way by which she could secure a half-hour's absence from

the village, but she was resolved that it should be done, come what might.

The knowledge that she had gained of the proposed treachery of Woo-wol-na and the Red Bear, showed her her danger, and the necessity of her doing her utmost to get out of their power, and the knowledge that, under Providence, the fate of her lover de-pended upon her skill and daring, made a

veritable Joan of Arc of her for a time. So they separated, and the weary hours of the day were spent by Nick Whiffles in the same vain search that had lured him on for

so long a time. For several hours before the time he was waiting at the rendezvous, and just as the moon began shedding its pale light over wood and stream, he heard the dip of her paddle, and a moment after her stealthy potstep, as she came like a shadow to his

'Sh!" she whispered, "I have a companion-Red Bear's sister.' "Have you l'arned any thing?"
"Yes; I think I can tell you the fate of Ed-

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRAIL. WHEN Miona announced to Nick Whiffles that she had learned the fate of Ned Mackintosh, the old trapper could scarcly press his excitement.

"Alive or dead?" he asked, eagerly.

"Alive," was the reply; "wait here a few minutes; I must get rid of her, and then I

And she was gone as suddenly as she Nick heard the sound of her paddle as it

rew fainter and fainter, until it died out in the distance, and then he sat down like one That 'ere is a woman," said he, as some-

thing like his old spirits came back to him; "hain't she follered up that trail better nor n old hunter like me kin do it? Calamity. when that female gal comes back ag'in, I want you to take your hat off and make our best bow to her.

And indulging in his quirps and quiddities with the sagacious canine, he whiled away the half-hour until Miona herself reappeared.
"I can now spend several hours with you,

without being missed," she hastened to say "I retired to my lodge, and have arranged my bed so as to make it appear that I am sleeping there. I don't think the deception will be discovered until the sister of Red Bear comes to retire with me, and that won't be for several hours, and there is to be a sort of feast to-night that will keep them awake until midnight, and from which I easily excused myself on the plea of indisposition. I am very anxious to get back in time to prevent any discovery of my absence, as it may embarrass our future ac-

But Ned-what about him?" was the impatient question of Nick.

"I did what you told me to do," she answered. "The whole day has been devoted to trying to learn something about him. have not asked a single question of any one but have watched and listened. A couple of hours ago I saw Woo-wol-na and Red Bear talking, and I managed to pass near enough to hear the old chief utter three

words; they were: "Grizzly Bear Cave!" "And there I believe Edward has been

placed, and left to die a death of starva-"You're right!" exclaimed Nick Whiffles, enthusiastically. "I never thought of that. Thar's whar he is, and I'll start for him at

"Do you know where it is?"
"About five miles down the river, close to the bank on the other side." "That is the place; I did not suppose you knew where it was. I came with the intention of guiding you to it."

Then followed a long consultation. Miona

was anxious to accompany the trapper, and assist in the rescue of her lover. Nay, she would not listen to his denial, until he succeeded in convincing her that it would most

probably defeat her very object.

The long confinement of Ned Mackintosh in Grizzly Bear Cave, with no food, had probably reduced him to the weakness of a child, so that he would be unable to render the assistance that would be so much needed in their flight; and indeed, he would only be a worse than burden to them—insuring the capture and ruin of the entire party.

"Ef he's thar, with the help of Heaven I'll git him out. I'll take him home and make a well mer of him and them when

make a well man of him, and then, when make a well man of him, and then, when every thing's ready, we'll move ag'in, and I swow to gracious, if we don't make the condemnedest diffikilty that Red Bear or Woowol-na ever heerd tell on.

"You go back to your lodge, and don't let'em see that you've l'arned any thing, and be on the look-out for us in a week from now."

from now.' "I came with the intention of helping you save him," she said, in a mournful voice; "I hoped that when we got him out of the cave, we would all leave this country at once, and end this torturing suspense; but it would be wicked in me to act contrary to your advice. I have brought some food with me; give this to him, and tell him how anxious I was to share his danger and his suffering. Poor Ned! what has he endured on my account!"

And the girl sobbed like one whose heart was breaking. Nick waited until the tempest of her grief had passed, and then he urged her to return to the village, and to act

as he had instructed her to do. Reluctantly she took his hand again, and bade him farewell—renewing her protesta-tions of love to her own cherished one, and making Nick promise to come as soon as possible to her own rescue.

She had scarcely taken her departure, when the trapper and his dog were in his anoe, paddling down-stream toward Grizzly Bear Cave.

He was compelled in his course to pass directly by the village, but he hugged the other shore close in doing so, and ran little

In the current again, and he bent his iron limbs with such a will that the canoe seem-

limbs with such a will that the canoe seemed fairly to fly over the water.

"Grizzly Bear Cave!" he repeated; "don't I know where it is? Didn't I tumble into it once, when I war a-huntin' with a trapper, and ef he hadn't cotched the limbs and saved himself, wouldn't I have starved to death thar? It's a horrible place, and a man who gits in thar is purty sure to be in the last diffikilty of his life, ef he hain't got somebody to help him out. Poor Ned! I s'pose he's give up long ago, and made up his mind that Nick Whiffles is the biggest fool in the trappin'-grounds, as he is, sure 'nough, not to 'speet his bein' thar. Come, old canoe, you must travel faster than this."

Mile after mile was passed, and the night was quite advanced when he ran the little

was quite advanced when he ran the little boat ashore and he and Calamity stepped out. "Yer it is," he muttered, as he made his

way up a jagged mass of rocks, his heart trembling with hope and fear. "I wonder ef he's down thar, and ef he is, whether he hain't gone under. Hello! here's the very hole I tumbled inter that night and come so near breakin' my neck, and gettin' inter my last condemned diffikilty."

Creeping forward, he leaned over and

looked down into the dark, silent chasm, and then he called in a voice that sounded strange and hollow: "Hulloa, Ned!"

He waited, but there was no response.

'Hulloa, Ned Hazel!" Again he turned his ear and waited several moments, but no sound reached him except that faint, moaning silence, such as s heard when one listens to the sea-shell.

'Hulloa, Ned, are you hungry? When five more minutes had passed, Nick Whiffles rose to his feet and muttered I'm afeard poor Ned has had his last diffikilty!"

(To be continued.)

# The Phantom Princess: Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS, Nephew of the Celebrated Old Grizzly Adams, th Bear-tamer of the Rocky Mountains.

> CHAPTER XIX. MORE LIGHT.

Young Ned Hazel was happy, as he left his friends on the edge of Elk River, and started through the woods for his home He whistled and sung, for every thing look ed bright and cheerful to him.

He was certain now that Miona was very little, if any, less than an angel, and that when he and she grew to womanhood, they

were intended by heaven for each other.
"I love Nick," he mused, as he walked along, "but I am not going to spend my life as he does his, in the woods. There is a great world around me, and I must see it, and make my mark in it. I have got a father somewhere, and I begin to feel like get-ting acquainted with him."

He was full of dreams of a glorious fu-

ture, and of the fortune that he was going o carve for himself. I shall make Miona proud of me some

day," he added, with a glowing face. "I have grown to be a big boy, without know ing much of books, but I have the will and brains, and I'll do it.' Ah! the enthusiasm of youth! if it could

only follow us through manhood, down the slope of life, what wonders we might ac-complish! What heroes all of us would be! what victories the historian would have to write opposite our names! Yes, sir-that's what I'm going to do-

The last exclamation was caused by the sight of a man, that came into view just in front of him. The lad paused a moment, and then, as he recognized Mr. Mackintosh, he bade him good-morning and walked to-

"I am looking for Nick Whiffles; I sup-"Yes; it's close by, but you won't find

him home."

"I am sorry about that," said Mackintosh,
"for I have come on special business. What
time to-day will he be back?"

"Not to-day, nor to-morrow, unless it's
very late to-morrow night."

The superintendent showed by his looks
that he was greatly disappointed. He stood
as if debating with himself.

"Come to the cabin with me, and wait
there till he comes back."

Mackintosh accepted the invitation in an
absent sort of way, and the two walked si-

absent sort of way, and the two walked silently in the direction of the cabin. Reaching there, Ned entered first, and the first thing that attracted his eye, was the "baby

clothes," lying upon the ground.
"Helloa!" he exclaimed, as he stooped down and picked them up, "Nick went off in such a hurry that he forgot to put them

away."

"Let me see them, please," said Mackintosh, who was only a step or two behind; "these are the very articles about which I came to see Nick."

Ned passed them over to the visitor, with-

out thought. The latter held them to the light, turned very white, and trembled so that he sat down to keep from falling. "Oh, heaven!" he gasped, looking in a strange, wild way at the boy.
"What's the matter?" asked Ned, sur-

prised and alarmed. "Are these the garments that were around you when you were found?"

"So Nick says."

"Then you are my own darling, long-lost boy!" exclaimed the overjoyed Mackintosh, as he threw his arms about the lad, weeping like a woman as he did so.

As for Ned, he felt so strange that he hardly knew what to do, but he was conscious of a new emotion of pleasure, and something like an instinctive love for his parent, caused him to return the embrace,

and to shed tears too. There was silence for a few minutes, and then as the boy released himself he sat down and looked up in the face of his parent, his own countenance beaming with a heavenly

I am so glad that you are my father," he said; "tell me all about it."
"Ever since I saw you the other day, I have had a curious feeling about you. Your age, looks, and the account you gave of Nick Whiffles' finding you, led me to think it possible that you were my long-lost boy. The more I thought of it, the more determined did I become, that Nick should give me an explanation of the matter, and that is why I have left my men and come to see

him."

"How came I to be lost to you?"

"Ah! what a happy day awaits your mother!" continued Mackintosh, wiping the tears of joy from his eyes, and heedless of the question of the lad. "What a handsome boy you have grown to be; how proud I am, and how proud she will be. Come here, let me shake hands with you again."

At length the father grew more calm.

At length the father grew more calm. "Your mother is now in London, where I hope you and I will soon join her. Are you willing to go with me?"

"I am wild for the chance; and will you

educate me?"
"Nothing that wealth and love can do for you shall be undone." "I have been growing weary of this life; I only want to see Nick and bid him good-

by. He will be willing for me to go."
"You were born in London, and your mother accompanied me to Fort Churchill when you were about three years of age. In the spring, when the weather was as charming as it is now, she started with me on a ramble along the banks of the Saskatchewan. We remained few days, when, with a party of friends, we came further south to Elk River, where we engaged in fishing for a couple of weeks.

As there was sometimes danger from wild animals, we frequently anchored our canoe out in the river and slept in that. One night I was belated in returning to where I had left you and your mother. She was in such rugged health that I had little fear in leaving her alone for a time; but I was later than I intended in getting back, it being past midnight when I reached the shore where I had left her.

"I found her asleep on the bank, but you and the canoe were gone. I awoke her in some surprise to inquire what it meant. She was more amazed than I, for she had anchored out in the river, and lay down to sleep there, waiting for me to rouse her by calling to her. "But the truth soon came out. Mary

had paddled ashore, and then let the boat float down-stream with you in it. 'As may be supposed, we started, almost distracted, to hunt for you. That terrible search I can never forget. At the end of two days we found the canoe, but you were

"I concluded at once that you had waked

was a somnambulist, and in her sleep she

up, and, without knowing your danger, had crawled over the side of the canoe and was drowned. Then we spent days in searching for your body, but failed, of course. Your mother clung to the belief that you had been stolen by some Indian, and to gratify her, I continued the search. "She clung to her belief for years, and it

was only a short time ago that she gave you up and returned to England. I had so completely lost all hope, that even when I heard what you told me the other day, I was not convinced."

What is my name?" "Edward Mackintosh; Nick got the first 'I have a canoe," said the boy; "let's go down the river and meet Nick."

CHAPTER XX.

at once.

This was agreed to, and they started off

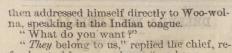
A STRANGE BARGAIN. For one moment, the group of fugitives in the white canoe sat dumb with despair, as they saw that escape was out of the ques-

Myra Bandman covered her face, as if to shut out the dreadful scene; Miona sat paralyzed; Hugh reached out to take the rifle of the hunter.
"Let us die fighting!" he said, but Nick

Whiffles drew back "None o' that; leave matters to me."
The Indian canoe headed straight toward them, and there would have been a collision

had not Nick waved them off. Don't come any nigher!" This command, extraordinary under the

circumstances, was obeyed, and the Black-foot boat halted a dozen feet distant. He



ferring to his companions; "we have come

"Do you want me?" he asked.
"You deserve death," said the sachem, in effect, "but years ago, when I and a few of my warriors were overwhelmed by the Shoshene, you fought by my side; Woo-wol-na has not forgotten that day, and on that account he will not harm his brother, the great hunter; but your companions belong to me, and I must have them."

"They are man and wife," said Nick, still using the Blackfoot tongue; "why do you

wish to separate them?" Stoical as was the Indian, it was plain to

see that he was surprised by this informa-tion, but it did not affect his resolution. "He has been condemned to death; he has slept in the Death Lodge, and he must

'Is there no sacrifice we can offer that will answer for his life?" Curiously enough, Woo-wol-na was struck with the question, and he consulted for several minutes with his warriors. Then, with a peculiar expression, he turned back

Is she his daughter?" he asked, pointing to Miona.
"She is."

"And they wish her to go with them?"
"They value her life like their own."
"Leave her with us, and the rest may

This remarkable proposition of course was understood by all except Bandman, to whom Nick explained it.

"No," he replied, indignantly, "we will die before we will desert our daughter, will we not Myra?"

we not, Myra?" A thousand times, yes," she added, pressing her darling child to her breast.

Nick Whiffles now displayed characteristic cunning. Waiting until the tumult had

somewhat spent itself, he asked the mo-Why do they want the gal to stay?" "The chief has a son, that he hopes to make a great warrior, and he always said

Miona should be his wife." The eyes of the old hunter sparkled.
"Thar's no likelihood then but what he'll take the best care of her, and suffer no one

to abuse her?" "Of course; that is what he is after." "How old is the gal?"

" Only thirteen. "S'pose I tell him you're willin' to leave her five years, and to give her leave to marry his son, if he chooses—will you do

Oh! how can I—" "Hold on," interrupted Nick, rather sternly, "he's got the power to take you all, and, by mighty! it's queer he don't do it. I think it's only his liking for me that henders him. You've a chance to save yourself and husband by taking his offer, and you're a blamed fool if you don't do it."

But, to desert her, Nick-think of 'It's hard, I know, but I calculate, if the

Lord's willing, to spend the next five years and more in the woods, and I'll promise to look after the gal. I'm the only white man that dare go into that Blackfoot village, and I'll do it, and when the five years come round you shall have your darter, ef I have to lose my scalp in gettin her. No red Injin'll make a squaw of her."

And what says my own precious Mi-

For your sake, mother, it is best. I shall be happier than you can imagine in doing it. I shall be always cheerful in the knowledge that I am not lost to you. I shall long for the five years to come round, but I shall not pine nor regret, for I know that Nick Whiffles will keep his word."

"I swow to gracious! but she's an angel!" exclaimed Nick Whiffles, as he drew his sleeve across his eyes. "I'm yer daddy for the next five years, fur sure!"

Nick now resumed his negotiations with Woo-wol-na, who at first rejected them; but he finally consented, and the agreement was She was to spend five years among the Blackfeet, and then, if she still desired to return to her friends, she should be free

This was a great falling off from the original purpose of the Blackfoot chief; but his friendship for Nick Whiffles had a powerful influence in the matter, but, like a true Indian, his secret intention was that when five years were up, she should still remain with him and become his daughter-in-law, in spite of herself and everybody!

And equally Nick Whiffles' intention was that she never should marry any Blackfoot
—he had other purposes in view!
This arrangement was hardly completed,

when Mackintosh and Ned Hazel made their appearance in their cance. They had pursued their way leisurely down-stream, meeting them at this place.

Poor Ned was in consternation when he

learned all that had been done, but while Miona was a heroine, he could be a hero. As he shook hands with her and bid her

farewell he whispered:
"Remember, I promise to come for you!"
His face, as well as his tone and words, told how deep was his feeling for the beautiful child of the wood.

I shall expect you," she replied, fixing her dark eves upon him, from which gleamed the light of pure, abiding love.

Then she was transferred to the other boat, and the sad parting took place—a parting long to be remembered by every partici-

Nick Whiffles listened to the story of Mackintosh, and said in his own character-

I'm glad as a man can be, but it's hard, by mighty! and I'm sorry, too!"

And the strong-hearted man, who never quailed in the face of danger, turned away

It was like robbing the parent bird of its nestling; or tearing from the sturdy oak the vine which had lovingly, through rains and storms, through sunny days and nights of sweet repose, clung to it for growth and

protection. Down the river floated the little cavalcade

Nick Whiffles on the lead. Was the old
man so loth to part with Ned that he would not leave him? At the Portage to the English river, the party "shored," and passed on foot, through the forest, over to the stream down which to float to Fort Churchill. And yet, Old Nick left them not. Down to the

fles passed its portals together, hand clasped Great was the excitement and joy at the fort over the remarkable events which had transpired, and a general jollification took | ROVER HAS COME !"

fort they dropped and Ned and Nick Whif-

place, while the Company's transport, lying at the little dock, was carefully fitted up for three additional passengers.

The third day witnessed the departure.

The third day witnessed the departure.

The white wings of the trim brig-rigged vessel were shaken out; and slowly she headed for the northward. On the dock stood Nick Whiffles, with bared head, waving his cap in adieu to his dear boy, which was the stood of the st whom the seas were to separate from him. Ned, standing on the after-deck, gazed upon, and signaled to, the dear old man, until, down in the horizon, disappeared departed ones and those left behind.

"Miona is my only son, now!" murmured the old forester, as, leaving the dock, he dropped into his canoe, and soon was lost in the mazes of the grim forest around.

"The gal's got me round the heart-strings, an' when my boy comes ag'in, as he promised, she shall be thar to welcome him, or Nick Whiffles' skulp'll be dryin' in a Blackfoot lodge.

THE END. (For Part Second of "Phantom Princess," se "Blackfoot Queen," on first page.)

We are happy to announce as soon to appear, a new romance by a celebrated writer of Forest Fic-tion, viz: "The Avenging Angels; a Romance of the Scioto," so full of the interest of deadly peril and high devotion-of a father's affection and a lover's grand resolve-of Indian guile and a borderman's craft-as to make it a worthy successor to this most popular border tale of the year.

# The College Rivals:

THE BELLE OF PROVIDENCE. BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,

AUTHOR OF \$50,000 REWARD, THE RUBY KING, MA BEL VANE, MASKED MINER, ETC.

CHAPTER XXV. THE SPECTRAL SHIP.

A YEAR of suffering and heart-woe passed thus — Madeleine working diligently and constantly, and making a small pittance day by day; her father praying piteously for the

Welcome Hoxley thrived in business, and was content with his triumph over his old rival. But, as yet, he had not paid for the mansion or cottage, both of which were lying unoccupied.

He and his creditors in the matter were satisfied about the payment, which of course

Another year had passed, with its sorrows and joys, its troubles and triumphs.

The memorable birth-night of Madeleine

Fleming had at last arrived. The night was cool, not cold; for the winter had been mild, and neither the cove nor the bay had been covered with ice. A

brilliant moon shone down calm and clear; but the glittering orb was fast sinking toward the far horizon. Ralph Ross had graduated and was pre-ending to practice law. Stephen Smith still lingered, simply to be with his friend

But this was Madeleine's birth-night again and the humble home of old Arthur Flem ing was lit up from top to bottom, as of old, in honor of the occasion; nothing more.

A small table of refreshments stood un-

pretendingly in a corner of the little parlor. Fenton Thorne and Stephen Smith were there—the only company—each having al-ready deposited his present on the table and spoken heartfelt congratulations with the daughter, and soothed the old man, tenderly, in his dreamings of the Rover.

Ten o'clock was near, and still the festive we was celebrated, quietly and happily. Suddenly there came a distant, murmur ing sound. It grew louder, and came nearer and nearer. Then the cry of "FIRE!" swelled over the city.

That clamor echoed in the little parlor of

Arthur Fleming, the penniless.

Then a ruddy flare glinted red and ghastly through the fibers of the thin, cheap curtains, and glowed dull and menacing on the bare walls of the humble apartment.
"Come! come!" cried Madeleine, "let us

ascend to the roof, and see where the con-They quickly mounted to the top of the house, through the sky-light. The old man went too. Childishly, he wanted to see the fire, and hear the uproar in the streets. Ste-

phen Smith guided the old father's tottering They east their eyes about them. The whole sky was red and glowing; but the brilliant crimson toward the west made the party look in the direction of the little manufacturing town of Olneyville

Madeleine started, as she turned her gaze thitherward. Good heavens!" she exclaimed; "a factory is on fire! a large one, too! God pity the poor ones who will be made homeless

The cries and shouts of the firemen, and the clangor and rumble of the engines rose nigher and higher.

Stephen Smith, steadying himself, leaned down over the eaves of the house and "Where is the fire?"
"At Olneyville! The Hoxley mills are

burning!" roared back the fireman as he dashed along. But, hark! In the midst of the cries of the red-shirted

braves, and the turbulent shouting of the fire-mob, there came another cry.

It came from the shores of the distant bay. First it seemed like a shout; then it became louder and more distinct; then a wild, out-welling cheer came booming over

A weird, singular sight was then presented, one not soon forgotten by the group on the housetop, as they looked over the intervening roofs toward the Narraganset, whose bosom, in the reflected light, looked like a sea of blood.

There, slowly sailing along, her tall spars looming high toward the paling stars in the red sky, her spectral fore and main-top-sails bellying to the cool winter breeze, glided a gallant ship.

And there, in the red light of the far-away burning mills, she suddenly wore around In an instant her sails were furled, and

heavy anchor, rattling with its chain, fell-with a loud splash in the glowing waters.

And Arthur Fleming, erect as an oak, proud and sturdy, his left hand resting on the shoulder of Stephen Smith, pointed to that stately ship, looking like a phantom bark in the red light and cried with a lond. bark in the red light, and cried, with a loud and healthy voice:

Thank God! Thank God! For-THE

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SILVER LINING. From a lofty window, in the rear of his royal mansion, Welcome Hoxley and his imperious daughter watched the raging fire in the distance. The man's face was fearful to look upon; it was wild with anxiety and suspense, and his teeth were sunk deep into the white, bloodless lip.

Still he gazed, and still he drew his labored breath. Reckless of the night-wind, now cold and raw, which swept in from over the bay, the old man leaned, nervously, danger-ously out from that tall window, and then

"Myra, my daughter, if that factory is mine, I am ruined—and—FOREVER! I am not insured, and—Hallo! there!"

The red-shirted fireman paused.
"What factory is that?" thundered the

"The Hoxley mills, sir! They are destroyed!" returned the unrecking fireman.

At that moment came the wild cheers At that moment came the who cheers from the bay; then, the stately, towering spars of a noble ship, sulling along in the red light; then the rattling anchor-chain; then the wild, indistinct, meaningless shout,

shaping itself finally into:
"THE ROVER!" With one startling shriek, Welcome Hox-ley threw his hands up; another moment, failing to recover his balance, he reeled, and fell headlong forth from the giddy, gaping

And Myra Hoxley sunk down on the floor of that lonely garret-room, and gibbered wildly, for reason had fled from her forever! There was dark gloom settling that night over some in the good old city of Provi-dence, but the somber cloud which had so long hovered over Arthur Fleming, had, at ast, showed its silver lining

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TALE OF THE ROVER. THAT night, the 18th of December, Madeleine's birth-night, was one long to be remembered in the good city of Providence, one long to be remembered with gratitude by the humble dwellers in the little tenement-house in the rear of Broad street, one which certain actors in that scene and participators in the country of that occasion cicipators in the events of that occasion

have not yet forgotten.

No one in Arthur Fleming's unpretending abode closed an eye in sleep that night; for gathered in a close circle in the little parlor every voice was hushed, as old Jack Kelson who had by dint of inquiring here and there, in his own blunt manner, found out his old employer, told the thrilling story of the

missing Rover. Long after daylight, when the rumbling drays were rattling in the street, betokening the battle of business begun again, old Jack Kelson finished his recital with these words

"And now, Mr. Fleming, I must go and see the old woman and my houseful of brats, dear brats, Heaven help them! . . . But—but—thank Heaven! my old friend, the Rover is in, safe and sound! and my name is not Jack Kelson, if she has not beneath her hatches, a cargo, worth in the market to-day, three hundred thousand dollars!"

It may be well for us, at this point, in order to have the reader thoroughly under-stand the hingings of this story, to retrace our steps somewhat, to throw some light on certain dark portions of this life-history, to connect a sundered link, to tie a broken thread. To do this, we must go back to that dark evening, on which certain late lights were burning in the gloom-enshroud-

ed city of Providence. It may be remembered, that on this somber night, as given in a preceding chapter, Welcome Hoxley, the manufacturer, en tained certain company in his cosy little

They were two men, very rough-looking fellows. They were habited as seamen, and their hard, bony hands and bronzed visages

confirmed them as such. Those two men were the first and second mates of the good ship Rover, then lying at anchor in the lower bay, ready for sea. Their errand at the Hoxley mansion was to answer a summons from the wealthy manufacturer; to hearken to a proposition from him, which, in case they accepted, would prove very beneficial to them. These men had been covertly sounded for some days by the means of letters, over a fictitious sig-nature; and when once they had committed themselves, old Hoxley had written to them boldly, requesting, almost demanding, that they come to his house on this certain even-Myra had been the letter-post between them; she knew every thing that was going on. That night, old Hoxley hesitated not, but made an offer to those rough men, of a large sum of money in gold, and eternal se-crecy besides, should they pledge themselves to prevent the return of the Rover and her rich cargo to Providence; and he partly gave his reasons. In addition to this, he pledged them as much more gold

when they returned and told him that their work had been well done. Welcome Hoxley had hard work to raise those many golden dollars; at that time he was much embarrassed, and the tide of luck seemed to have set against him. We have seen that afterward, by some strange freak of fortune, the tide had risen with him and floated high on its proud current; and, we have seen, too, when that same ebb-and-flow of ill-luck had set against

him-forever! Such was the treacherous compact made that dark night in old Hoxley's back sitting-room, and the men who issued so noiselessly forth into the quiet street, late that night, were the two mates, the two mysterious persons whom stepned Smith, the Kentuckian, followed to the southern wharves of the

To resume: the Rover had gone to sea with a spanking breeze. After months of storm and tide-calm and blow, she had reached her far-away port in the Orient. The voyage had been successful, and old Captain Kelson, who was strangely, to a disinterested observer, interested in the trip, breathed freer as the heavy anchors rattled

down in that far-away haven. The ship was quickly stowed, packed with her precious cargo, and once again put to sea, on her return voyage.

Jack Kelson was anxious to get back to his straitened employer and he was wise enough to endeavor to catch the trade-

The voyage home was prosperous, to a certain extent. But one dark night, it came on to blow heavily; all hands were called to shorten sail and the skipper himself walked the deck, trumpet in hand. Suddenly he was felled by a heavy blow, struck from behind. Before he could recover himself, he

was bound hand and foot, hurried aft, and flung into one of the ship's boats, hanging half-suspended from the davits, over the boiling sea. The rude shock recalled the old man to partial consciousness, and as he cast his eyes about him he saw in the boat with himself six of his crew, bound in the same manner. He could not speak, for a piece of sail-cloth was stretched roughly over his mouth; but he saw that the ship's long-boat was also being lowered, and that in her sat the two mates and four men. Another moment and the boat in which he lay was dropped hurriedly into the sea, and then the old man saw that the Rover was sinking! The horrible truth flashed over him in a moment; the ship had been scuttled! And then the long-boat and her crew was lowered into the seething sea and in a moment was swept

It was evident that the traitors had miscalculated the severity of the storm, for the last Captain Kelson saw of them they were bending to their oars in a mighty but vain endeavor to reach the ship again. Then they were lost in the gloom.

But the small boat, in which lay the old man and his bound shipmates, hugged close to the fast-settling ship, which, indeed, served as a breakwater and kept it from be-

ing hurled away. Old Jack Kelson was a man of nerve and action, and, withal, gifted with a lion's strength. At a glance, he comprehended his perilous situation, and making one mighty effort, he snapped, like pack-thread, the lashing which bound his hands. Half a minute only elapsed before his feet were free. Then, in an instant, he seized the painter of the boat, which the mutineers, in their hurry, had left uncut, and flung it, at random, high on the ship's bulwarks.

Heaven was with him in the effort, for the stout line caught. In a moment, by a dextrous hitch, the skipper had secured the rope, thus fastening securely his boat to the

Not two minutes elapsed before he had severed the cords of his companions, and then, with a shout of triumph, the lionhearted skipper ascended, hand-over-hand, to the ship's rail. Panting, but not dismayed, he reached the deck, and then his men, one

he reached the deck, and then his men, one by one, scrambled up.

There was still work to be done. The ship was broaching to fearfully, in the long troughs; her sails flapping like thunder in the howling wind; the rudder—the wheel being unmanned—was thumping horribly on the coppered bottom, and the ship was still sinking—sinking! still sinking—sinking!

(To be continued-Commenced in No. 44.)

# The Tragedy of a Night.

BY VERMILION VERNE.

Night, bleak and stormy, had settled over the Golden City. The wind blew in a chill half-gale, forcing the great, black drops of rain and sleet before it in sheets that would almost blind one who should be so unfortunate as to be out in the dark. A courage-ous man, indeed, who dared to face a storm like this. Already the streets were nearly deserted, save by a few watchmen, who, clad in their thick great-coats, and hugging closely the walls of the houses, paced slow-

ly up and down their lonely beats.

The loud, clanging bells of the city were just noting the hour of ten; and, despite the inclemency of the night, a man quickly emerged from one of the numerous gamingnouses in the center of the city, and hurried through the storm, down the street, till he stood in a spot which, by daylight, was the least frequented in the vicinity, and now doubly so. He was clad in a pair of bright scarlet pantaloons, drawn together at the ankles, and fastened by silver buckles, where they were met by light bootees. For his upper garments, he wore a closely-fitting acket of blue, highly ornamented with gold and over all was lightly thrown a cloak gray texture. On his head, a slouch has was pulled low down over his eyes, so as almost to conceal their expression. In short, his whole appearance was that of a Spanish gambler. Having cast furtive glances first up and then down the street, to assure himelf no person was in view, he hastily cross ed the way, and springing into the shadow of one of the gloomiest buildings in the row, he paused abruptly, and though the house wore an appearance of the completest desertion, he placed his fingers to his lips and blew a short, shrill whistle. No answering sound coming back, he repeated the operation, this time with seeming success, for a moment later two persons of rough exterior glided from the gloom that surrounded the house, and stood beside the

first-comer. The two looked what they were in realiity, a pair of those inferior rascals who so often play the part of tools to some superi-or individual, for none of the best purposes. "Well, my captain," exclaimed one of the

two, as soon as they stood beside the stranger. "What's up? Has the young man got a clue to our business?" 'I wish you would not speak so loud, Jack. Yes; you have guessed right. The fellow has traced us to this very place; unless some thing is done the game is up.

What might that thing be ?" The Spaniard, for such he was, tapped the butt of the revolver which protruded from his waist, significantly, as he replied: The young man must be removed.

"So you say; but when? Are you sure he is in the Golden City?" he is in the Golden City?"

"Ay; I saw him not half an hour ago.
What's more, he recognized me, and I have learned enough to show me that he is close on my track. I want you to watch for him to-night in the Black Alley. He passes through there at midnight. A cool hand, and an ownce of fead will place him beyond all hope of recovering her. The terms are all hope of recovering her. The terms are

You say yes, of course "All right, senor. The death-pill shall be given him to-night. The way I under-stand it is this: we are to get rid of this lover of the girl, and help you to get possession of her money; you are to come down handsomely.'

Right, Jack; your memory is good, es pecially where your interest is concerned. But how does Idraline take her imprison-

"Sullen as a bona fide Spaniard. She ought to have been born a Spanish lady, "She is very beautiful; and her money is too valuable to be lost. But away now. Midnight, remember, at the Black Alley.

Idraline Grange crouched low in the corner of the room which, for two days, had been her prison. Born and reared in luxury,

she was totally unused to a fate like this,

and this is the way it came about.

Beautiful and accomplished, it was but little wonder that her hand was sought by many suitors. Among these, Arnold Vin-cent was the only one who seemed to stand any chance of an accepted lover. He, and he alone, was her attendant on all occasions of note. For him alone did Idraline's heart beat with any thing like love. And so, for months they were considered betrothed, as,

months they were considered betrothed, as, in truth, they were.

While they were thus basking in love's dreams, the Spaniard appeared; and though almost a stranger to the fair girl, proposed, and was, of course, rejected. Naturally reckless and defiant, and made doubly so by his rejection, he swore she should be his. The quick, fiery blood of his native land crowded his heart and as may be supposed. crowded his heart, and, as may be supposed, he was not long in putting the plans he had conceived into action. A short time after his rejection, Idraline Grange disappeared, together with the Spaniard, D'Althorpe. She was a captive in his power. Making his way to the Golden City, where he thought he would stand the least danger of detection, the Spaniard concealed the beau-tiful girl, waiting only for her consent to a marriage with him.

With reason he feared Arnold's revenge. By ceaseless perseverance the young man had already followed him to the vicinity of his concealment, and was halting only to make sure of his prey. The web was fast gathering around the Spaniard's pathway, and the girl must soon be his or it was too and the girl must soon be mis of it was col-late. A suspicion of this may have entered D'Althorpe's mind previous to his meeting and recognition of Arnold; but this de-cided his course of action. The young man must be removed! The means he took for doing this we have seen by the interview doing this, we have seen by the interview

in the shadow of the street.

Idraline was thinking of her lover, there in the gloom of her prison—for it can be called little else. She doubted not that he was using all the means in his power to discover the retreat of the Spaniard. Of course he knew she was his captive. He never would think she had followed the swarthy villain of her own free will, knowing as he did her hate of him. The thought that he was true to her filled her heart with light, even in the darkness of the cell. The thought that the Spaniard meant to force her to marriage, only made her indignation of him the greater. She never would be his wife. Should worst come to worst—she could think no further, and her only action of defense was to hold still tighter in her grasp the gleaming barrel of a tiny revolver, which had been her only companion. She knew its use well. What then?

Her thoughts were arrested by a step close by her door. With a shudder she knew it as that of D'Althorpe. Her hand tightened on the tiny revolver, as the door opened and disclosed the flushed features of her cap-

tor. He had been drinking deeply.
"How fares my pretty captive?" he said, as he came toward her.

as he came toward her.

"Far better in your absence than in your presence," Idraline said, calmly.

"Ha! ha! getting sullen, eh? But do you know why I am here? To-night I was to have an answer. What is it to be?"

"Nay, forever nay! I shall never have any other answer!"

"How well that flush becomes my lady; that frown suits well my haughty ange!

that frown suits well my haughty angel! But enough of this. I will not take 'No' for an answer. You are mine; and by Heaven! I will marry you ere to-morrow "Do not think to intimidate me by these threats. I have humbled myself long enough to your passion and threatenings. Beware, D'Althorpe! my soul disdains all further converse with you."

"Silence, Idraline Granger! I will bear no more of this. You are well aware you are in my power. You can expect no aid from your proud suitor, Arnold Vincent. He is in this city, 'tis true, but two of my truest men are to-night watching for him in the Black Alley. They will not fail."

The girl shot a glance of terror at the in my power.

"Is this true? Do you mean these men are going to murder poor Arnold?"
"I mean nothing else; why do you look at me in that way? What are you but a

woman i

"I am bold enough to send you to join my lover, if he is dead. Stand back!" The warning came too late. The girl spring lightly back, as the gambler essayed to grasp her, and then the shining revolver flashed from beneath her cloak. A report rung out clear and distinct on the still nightair, the gambler fell backward; then silence

With a bound Idraline cleared the space intervening between herself and the door. Springing through the opening, she turned the key, which the Spaniard had left in the lock, and stood in the street.

There was a fierce determination visible on the girl's face as she hastened in the direction of the Black Alley. She knew the place well, having often visited it in other days. Her lover should be saved! The great bells clanged the hour of midnight ere she had scarcely reached the alley. Would she be too late? Quickening her steps, the girl soon could dimly discern a couple of men lurking round the corner just ahead, and still lower down a man was coming hastily up. The girl's heart gave a bound as she recognized the form of Arnold Vincent. He was walking with his head bowed, totally oblivious of the fact that danger was A moment more and he stood close to the spot occupied by the murderers.
Simultaneously the click of three revol-

vers broke above the howl of the tempest. Ere the rascals could stir from their tracks, Idraline stood before them, saying: Lower your pistols, or I fire!

So determined was her tone that the pistols were dropped instantly.

"Idraline Grange! Am I not mistaken?
Thank Heaven, I am not," cried the young

man, grasping the girl's form to him.

"No, Arnold, you are right; but let us not stay here; these men were hired to watch for you, and kill you if possible. See that they are taken care of. Oh, my darling Arnold!" ling Arnold!"

One glance from the young man's dark o.'. 3, and the rascals, thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned and fled swiftly

Idraline, overcome by the exciting events of the last few days, had fainted in the young man's arms. There were strange stories to tell on either side, and these over, the couple lost no time in making their way

from the scene.

Far from the Golden City there is a man sion occupied by Arnold and Idraline, who, though betrothed in danger, were wed in



NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1871.

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ters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

#### ONE YEAR!

With this issue the SATURDAY JOURNAL completes its first year.

That it has been a signal success we are most proud to say.

That it has made a deep impression on the reading and writing public is very true.

No paper ever achieved a more rapid success, or a more enviable reputation, in so brief a period.

Already our list of authors is a galaxy of brilliant names - every one noted for originality, grace,

spirit and excellence. New authors are soon to be added, whose works we are anxious to introduce through our columns-

because they are so good. We use no matter that is not up to our standard of excellence, and demand of all our contributors only

their very best work. The future is all "a summer sea" to us-over

which the SATURDAY JOURNAL shall sail richly freighted with real literary treasures. Benedicite!

#### Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors and Correspondents.

A. R. B. MS. returned. Judging by MS. we should say the author has yet much to learn before writing for the press. Practice may make perfect, but study, too, is all essential.—Must say no to Harry Hopeful's MS., "Absent-minded People." The MS. "After Many Years," with some revision, we can use,—MS. "My Reverent Son" is returned.—The MS. "Kate Marstins," is unavailable, and is returned.—MS., "Quaker's Revenge," we can not use. It is diffuse in its narration—could have been told in half its words. Also return MS. "Grandinother's Hen." MS. "Edgar Rudolph's Villainy" is decidedly unavailable.—The poem, "I met a Maiden in the Street," is good, but is not, in all probability, Mr. D.'s own. We return the copy.—Poem, "Life," by May June we can not use. No stamps.—Poem, "Twiight Musings," not available. Author is young.—"My Mother's Wig" is very good, but author does not give his name. Writers always should give their true names and correct address to the editor.—Poems by "Berte North" are by no means unworthy, but we can not use them. The author of course did right, in remitting them. Nothing is accomplished by those who never try. Author has power of poetic expression but has yet to learn the power of rhythm and quality of measure—the art of poetic composition.—We can make no use of the MS., "Little and Lame." Is much too long for the story it relates.—The story, "Stella," has the same fault—a fatal one where a paper counts every line of its space as of value.—Will use "Masked Highwayman, or Married by Force."—We return MS. "Saved from Rain." Author knows very little about writing for the press.

We return "Ode to Galena." The author may know how to row a boat, but evidently he is not

A. J. C. Alice Cary was a native of Ohio, and fifty years of age. She and her sister Phœbe have lived in New York city since 1850.

A Baltimore correspondent wants "Eve Lawless" to "write something about love." We should say that Eve already had written much about it; but, doubtless, something more is on her tablets in regard to the "divine passion."

gard to the "divine passion."

Brakesman wishes to know the general signals for brakesmen on railway trains, and the chance for a green hand to obtain a situation. The signals are given by the engine-whistle. One sharp whistle, put on brakes; two whistles, let off brakes; three whistles, all clear. The chance of getting a situation as brakesman is the same as the chance in any other business. Without friends to speak for you it is doubtful. Apply to the railway officials.

other business. Without friends to speak for you it is doubtful. Apply to the railway officials.

Shady is a young gentleman who is very bashful in the presence of ladies, although talkative enough among gentlemen; he wishes advice. In the first place, seek the society of ladies as much as possible; talk to them upon the current topics of the day as you would to a gentleman friend. Don't be afraid; they will understand you. If there is any thing in the world that a sensible girl despises, it is a gentleman who imagines that a woman hasn't a soul above silly compliments and fulsome flattery. A woman is only flesh and blood like yourself; perhaps a rarer and purer spirit fills the mortal clay—there is hardly a doubt of it—and that spirit leads her to appreciate the man who approaches her with a delicate deference due not to her beauty, but to her woman hood. In meeting a lady-friend on the street, show by the pleasant smile on your face, as well as by the homage of removing your head-gear, that you are pleased to see her. By all means seek the society of the ladies. A man is not half a man who has not a true womanly heart to sympathize with him, belong that heart to wife, sweetheart or friend. Beadle's Dime Book of Etiquette might be of service regarding rules, etc., but, really, all rules are only aids to those who aim at a wider field of courtesy and politeness than to "please the ladies."

SANCTUM. We have never heard of the author that you inquire about. His name does not appear in the catalogues of our great libraries. He certainly can have no extended reputation.

O. C. H. wishes to know if Wales gives (pays) a O. C. H. wishes to know if Wales gives (pays) a bounty to England every hundred years, and if so, for what? No; the custom of paying regular tribute was done away with long ago. Perhaps during the early wars between Engiand and Wales in the time of Owen Glendower, some slight tribute might have been exacted by the conquerors, and paid by the vanquished, as has been the case lately in the Franco-German war. But, the custom of tribute—regularly paid—exists at present only in the East. The Viceroy of Egypt, for instance, pays a certain tribute to the Sultan of Turkey.

SCALP-HUNTER wishes to know the name of the last story written by Captain Mayne Reid. His last novel is entitled "The Mustangers, a tale of the Cross Timbers." It is not yet published. The MS. is in the safe in the SATURDAY JOURNAL office.

Young Authors says: "I am reading a story of English life now being published in your city (New York), and from certain passages in it, I have an idea that it is republished from some English magazine or paper." Your guess is probably correct. It is a very common thing with some of our American publishers, who are either too poor, or too miserly to pay for original matter, to copy from the English publications. As a general rule, this disease works its own cure, for, hardly one English writer out of a

hundred suits our American readers, and the "scissors" publisher finds his circulation falling off as a natural result of his deception. And often, in another column of the same Journal, we find a lament regarding native authors! Pretty much the same as if a man should take a baby by the throat, strangle it to death, and then wonder why it died.

if a man should take a baby by the throat, strangle it to death, and then wonder why it died.

R. E. G. is a New York clerk, who receives a salary of one thousand dollars per year, with a good prospect of an advance in time. He is deeply in love with a young lady and wishes to know if we consider it imprudent for him to marry, and if it is possible for two to live on his scanty salary. Before we attempt to answer the question, we should know something of the lady. It all depends upon what sort of a girl the intended wife of R. E. J. is. If she has the elements of a good, true woman in her, is willing to live prudently—perhaps poorly, as regards the dwelling-place, for New York is a wretched city for people of moderate means to find decent apartments in—attend to her household cares herself, following the examples of the mothers of the present generation, who had Tew servants and prided themselves upon their skill in household matters: we say, marry her by all means. You can live, even in New York, on a thousand dollars a year. But if your intended wife is a "Girl of the Period," who deepises home and household affairs; who looks upon her husband, not as a man whom she must love and honor, but as a necessary evil, to be submitted to because he pays the board bill and finds fine clothes; if she be one of these rather place a millstone about your neck and try to swim the East river than to marry her and attempt to live on four times one thousand dollars! A true wife is a helpmate, not a burden. What will keep a single young man, with his little luxuries, cigars, etc., will keep that young man and his wife, if the girl be but prudent—if she loves her husband with the strong and enduring love that all men crave, and wishes him to rise in the world.

MECHANIC writes: "I notice advertisements in various weekly negers that correlations as a series."

him to rise in the world.

MECHANIC writes: "I notice advertisements in various weekly papers that certain parties for ten dollars will send samples, etc., by which twenty-five dollars per day can be realized. Is it a humbug?' Yes; we were in the Express office in Providence, some months ago, when a man came in with a box of "samples" that he had paid ten dollars for. He had taken it home and opened it, and had come back to see what could be done about the matter. The box contained three little sticks, "kindling wood samples." He attached the money in the hands of the Express agents, and, by that means, recovered a little of his own. Have nothing to do with the advertisers who offer something for nothing. It can't be done!

# Foolscap Papers.

#### Musical.

I was always the very soul of melody, (some of my friends spell it mellow-dy, but I prefer the first). At the beginning of my life I was laid on the altar of music—the cradle—from which I sent up those delirious songs of *Infanity* that caused my nurse, who was the dryest old human being you ever saw, to reverse me suddenly, and the tune, too, by making it sharper still with the flat of her slipper.

The first musical instrument of any protensions I remember, with a great deal of pride, of possessing, was a tin rattle-box: I think it was a six-octave, double-treadle, self-feeding, hemmer and feller, with the patent agraffe attachment, and warranted. The wonderful range of this instrument, and the ease with which it adapted itself to all kinds of music, made me love it. I did not play it by note, or by ear, but by hand, and all that you had to do when you wanted to start a tune was to shake it.

At that hour of the morning of my life l

wasn't, of course, very high up on the nusical scales, or very high up on Fairbanks' scales, either, but I advanced rapidly in arithmetical progression toward perfection, and the next musical instrument of any note that I possessed was a doll-baby, of the black persuasion, and of the genus Indiarubber, whose heart was full of music, which it emitted whenever it was punched in the ribs or applied set down on it when in the ribs, or anybody sat down on it when company was present.

company was present.

Then comes a long list of jewsharps, French-harps, tin whistles, etc., etc., until I arrived at thirteen and a banjo. How I ever got that I don't know now. It was very old, and had evidently served its time as a ball-bat, or its former proprietor had tried to beat the music out of it by beating it over the fence. It had cord strings, which were never in accord, and it was so long that it took three or more persons to play it-one to finger the strings, one to pick it with a pair of tongs, and the other to hold it unles we laid it down on the floor. My father one cold winter morning, laid it on the chimney fire to thaw it out—so he said and when it was discovered it was greatly

Then a fiddle came into possession of me, or I came into possession of it—I can't say which now. It was an old Cremona, or an Ole Bull, or an old something, for it was very old. The shell was cracked all that the tunes might come out—so the fellow said of whom I bought it—and it had but three strings for the sake of economy neither of them interfered very much with its harmony, and the other strings, which were off, improved its tone, I think, a good deal still, if I had been charged extra for that violin's general uselessness, it would have cost me a good deal of money. The screws couldn't be turned without a monkey wrench, and I was obliged to grease them when they turned easily enough, but they invariably went back on me when I got to the middle of Old Hundred, (or Old Fifty, as I couldn't play more than half of it), or the bridge would fall with a heavy load of whole notes just as I would begin to play Horner's Fishpipe without fingering the strings. The bow I thought grated a little too harshly on the strings, so I greased it, which had the effect of rather subduing the music, and I was afterward obliged to us corn-cob in its place, which revived the music wonderfully.

I could have played any tune with remarkable accuracy if I could have put my fingers down on the right strings at the right time. At the end of the first month our neighbors began to move out. I wasn't like old Amphion; whenever he played the Arkansaw Traveler, the trees would spring up and dance around him, but, whenever would play in the house, it had the effect o making my mother strike me, or the fiddle with a broomstick, knocking us out of time and tune, and frequently out of doors. The constitution of the fiddle, and also its spine was somewhat injured in this way, but the strings were splendid, which was a great

consolation. Sometimes, when I would play and sing together (thereby making a duet), the fiddle would get off the track from some cause and run away up into the region where sounds are whittled down to very small points, and notes fade away into obscurity and my voice would always follow through sympathy, when I would be obliged to grease the string again to let it slide down. I injured my voice a great deal in this manner and strained the fiddle's, too Or, sometimes, I would be playing a beautiful impromptu piece, and, all at once, one of the strings would begin to back down and run the whole piece down into the mud, as

I frequently offered myself as leader of smile.

orchestras, but I never would have any thing to do with them, any more than to give them a good deal of grat-it-uously cheap advice, which they were slow, very slow, to take. I got so I could play the commonest tunes on my Cream-on-a in such a manner

as to bewilder you, and you couldn't have told the tune to save you.

I put the fiddle under the lounge-cover one day, when my father came in and sat down on it, and there wasn't a whole note to be found in the largest piece left of that fiddle. He said he didn't know it was there, but I doubted it and because I avarreesed a but I doubted it, and, because I expressed a warn desire to lick him for it, he drew music out of me with the bow.

The neighbors moved back. I never saw anybody that could play the fiddle like I did; nobody ever did.

Yours, sound-ly, Washington Whitehorn.

#### WHAT IS SAID.

Observant readers are not only rapidly discovering the merits of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, but are pouring in upon us their opinions and congratulations, couched in terms that certainly are significant. One gentleman of much talent as a writer, says:

"The Saturday Journal with me takes the place formerly occupied by the —... I do not like the plan of the latter copying from English papers and palming off such thefts as original productions, while not one sketch in twenty is paid for."

A lady, of whose discriminative judgment in some of her capital essays on Home themes and current follies our readers have had good proof, writes:

"The Saturday Journal presents a beautiful appearance. Most of the Weeklies are a terror to any one with weak eyes, on account of their infinitesimal type. You have excellent short stories, too, which the weeklies that don't pay for them don't have I notice."

A leading newsdealer in a large town in Indiana,

"My customers take a great deal of interest in your paper, und those who take other periodicals say your Saturday Journal is the Queen of all the others, and aver that they would give ten cents for it as quick as six cents for any other paper."

A correspondent in Maine expresses his enthusiasm, thus:

"If I were to write fourteen pages of praise in behalf of your paper I couldn't begin to say the half it deserves," and then he adds: "I like your improvements, but I hope you will not have the type as small as the —. I now regard your paper as near to perfection as a popular weekly can be. It is fresh, vigorous and spicy, keeping pace with "the age we live in," never spinning out its serials to a wearisome and insipid length."

What reconstruct he exid? Depart our weeders feel

What more need be said? Do not our readers feel that it is all true? We thank our friends for their encouraging and complimentary notices, and re-

spond, the SATURDAY JOURNAL WILL LEAD AND NOT BE LED.

## OLD TIMES.

I wish some of the croakers who are forever lamenting the degenerate state of the world, and longing for the "good old times of our grandmothers' days," could just be set back to those days and see how they

would enjoy it.

It is a pity we don't wear homespun, and cook over fireplaces instead of stoves, and all that sort of thing! How pleasant it must have been, in warm weather, to bake one's head in the grateful glow of an old-fashioned fireplace, while engaged in cooking! I don't wonder that the men thought the women were the "weaker vessels," but I do wonder that the women knew any thing at all under such circumstances.

It is such a pity, too, that the girls of now-adays have something to do besides knit-ting, and spinning, and weaving, and hetch-eling flax. How much better were they employed, when engaged in such work, than in learning every thing, as they do now, or playing on a piano or organ! *Then* they thought it only necessary to know how to read, and write their names; and wasn't they just as well—ay, better—off than now, when they think they must know as much as their in winter, and tow ones in summer, and worked for three and four shillings a week, and didn't think they must be dressed in

nice calico every day, and wear a collar.
In those days "the best room" wasn't as good as kitchens are nowadays, and no one saw the inside of it only on special occasions They had nothing beautiful about their homes - nothing refining in their lives. Their houses were poor; bare of every thing that was pleasing to the eye, and their door yard held, perhaps, a few stalks of mallows or hollyhocks for flowers. They didn't waste an acre or so of good ground for flower-beds -not they!

People worked all day, the women at pinning and weaving, and the men cradling rain or hoeing corn. In the evening the women took their knitting-work and knited, while the men whittled for amusement. They didn't spend their time reading the newspapers to find out what other folks were doing—no, they minded their own business, and kept steadily in the rut worn by their fathers. What a pity that we have got out of it!

It is strange to me that anybody can't see the length of their nose! These longers after the "good old times," think it is too bad that we have machines to do our work, and regret that we do not still do it by hand. It is a pity that there are washing-machines and wringers - our grandmothers didn't need any such thing, why do we? So sewing and knitting-machines, reapers, mowers cultivators-every thing, in fact, that lightens hand-labor, is regarded as an injury to the race, especially those machines that lighten women's labor. Men can always find something to do, but if women don't have to remove the dirt from clothing by digging it out on a wash-board, and to wear their fingers to the bone sewing and knitting, they may get into mischief. may learn too much—it's very easily done, you know; a woman don't need, and ought not to know a great deal. They may ge an idea that they are not the "weaker yes sel," if they do.

I'm about tired of this croaking, for one and I suggest to those old fogies who hate progression and culture, and long for ignorance and coarseness, that they emigrate to the Feejee Islands, and spend their remaining days in the barbarous way their natures

If they can't do that, I hope they will do what the pompous Eastern traveler told the voluble Western hotel runner to do, namely Stop that noise, for we've heard enough LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

The "Fat Contributor," humorous lecturer, now filling association engagements in Kansas and Nebraska, lectures in the Star Course, Philadelphia, March 20.—New York Tribune.

The "Fat Contributor" lectures regularly to the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, which is so ra-

pidly absorbing the best talent of the country In "Beat Time," "Fat Contributor" and "Washington Whitehorn," we have a tandem team of humorists, whose "drives" make even the Frost King

# The "Fat Contributor."

#### DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

WE hear a good deal about the Knights of Pythias, now-a-days. The society is said to have originated among army officers during the late war, the design being to perpetuate the friendships there formed. From this beginning it has enlarged its scope very much and spread with unexamilar residitive. pled rapidity.

The title of the order was doubtless sug

gested by the history of those ancient Greek buffers who carried on a general friendship business many years ago under the firm name of "Damon and Pythias." These worthies lived in Syracuse (N.Y.) and were known as "Salt Pinters," in consequence. Their back doors fronted on each other, and they were the warmest kind of friends, even in mid-winter. Their friendship dated back to the days of childhood. If one had any thing he always wanted the other to have it. If, for instance, Damon got a licking at school he wasn't satisfied until Pythias got one too. Pythias caught the measles once, and he went right off and gave some of them to Damon. They shared every thing together. Damon found his father's whisky bottle, one day, but he didn't keep it all to himself. He went and got Pythias drunk. If Pythias "run all night," Damon kept it up all the next day; so that the days of Damon were equal to the Knights of Py-

Damon was a member of the Common Council of Syracuse, while Pythias was an officer in the National Guards. It appears that one Dionysius had been scheming to have the council declare him mayor of Syracuse without a vote of the people, and succeeded one morning when Damon was absent. Ascertaining what had been done, Damon hastened to the Council Chamber Damin' Dionysius and his fellow councilmen who sustained the fraud. Meeting Dionysius he attempted to stab him with an ivory paper cutter, remarking as he did so:

By all the gods! One blow And Syracuse is free!"

(There had been a heavy duty on Syracuse up to that time, owing to the salt monopoly, and Damon was a free-trader). He migh have freed his beloved city from the tyrant had he not stopped to "buy all the gods!" and blow about it. He was secured by the mayor's new police and condemned to

Pythias had a sweetheart named Calanthe whom he loved next to Damon. Just as the wedding ceremony was being performed, news was brought to Pythias of what had occurred, and leaving Calanthe only about half-married, he hastened to the stationhouse where Damon was confined—arriving just as he was being led forth to execution. Damon was petitioning Dionysius for a few hours' respite, in order that he might see his family, but the tyrant wouldn't listen to it.

Pythias then offered to take Damon's place for the space of six hours, and if, at the expiration of that time, his friend returned not, he would perish in his stead—hope to die if he wouldn't! The proposition was accepted, and Damon hurried away to his family, who lived 'way out in the vicinity of the salt works, on Saline street, third door from the corner grocery.

Sad indeed was the parting of Damon with his wife and child. The interview was necessarily brief. He had to hurry back, or he wouldn't be in season to see himself die. Damon was greatly affected, and when he tore himself away there was a dame on the

floor, in a swoon. "Fetch up the old mare!" yelled Damon to his hired man, Lucullus. He was excited, because it was getting late and he didn't want to keep the executioner waiting on his account. Then Lucullus acknowledged that, in order to save his master, he had given the old mare a dog-button, and the coroner was even then sitting on the body. Furious at the thought of not reaching Syracuse within the allotted time, and knowing how mortified Pythias would be if compelled to die in consequence, he seized Lucullus to tear him in pieces. It would have been good by Lew Cullus had not a horseman appeared at that moment, whom Damon ersuaded to dismount by taking him gent by the throat. Then, mounting in his

stead he dashed away toward the city. In the mean time, every arrangement had been completed for the execution of Pythias. Time was about up and no word from Da-mon! The people sneered, and asked if anybody supposed Damon was such a fool as to come back again, and even Pythias began to be afraid his old pard. had "gone on him.

Suddenly, a shout was heard. A great cloud of dust was seen to rise in the direction of the salt-works. It approached rapidly, and in a short time Damon came tearing in on horseback at a pace that would have made Phil Sheridan so ashamed of himself had he been there, he would have ridden "twenty miles away" and hid.

There was just a shade of disappointment on his face when he saw that Pythias wasn't executed, but he jumped off his horse, threw a hand-spring onto the scaffold, and shouted Bring on your cleaver! Damon is on deck!"
Dionysius was so struck with this exhibi-

tion of friendship that he pardoned them both at once. They then fell into each other's arms, exclaiming:

"Dam'me!"

(Curtain falls.)

A Strong, Strange Life History! is the burden of the new romance to commence in the coming issue of the Saturday Journal, viz:

#### Oath-Bound:

#### THE MASKED BRIDE.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL. AUTHOR OF "SHADOWED HEART," "SCARLET CRES

In which the spirited authoress throws all her spirit and power. As a delineator of heart and passion life, Mrs. C. has won an enviable fame; and this sin gular story of city and country-of the social world of to-day-of love that is wicked and wild, and of love that is tender and true—will measurably add to her already good name. The reader will not grope through a maze of puerilities and a simpering woman's little nothings; but will have persons, acts, thoughts consistent with a drama of strong quality and impressive purpose. It is in the author's best vein, and adds another to that "neoklace of literary pearls" which a leading journalist happily suggested for our succession of brilliant serials.

#### DELENDA EST LUBELIA.\*

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL

Toll, toll the bells! The city of the Seine,
Fair mistress of the beautiful in art,
Bows low her head in humbleness again,
And France, fair France, now mourns her noblest part.

Like a rare pearl she sat amid the vales, The richest gem in Europe's coronet, While Freedom whispered in her ear sweet tales Of trophies won by ball and bayonet.

And, then, her graceful loins she girded up, Standing a goddess panoplied in steel, Forsook the banquet board and sparkling cup, To answer the invader, peal for peal.

She spoke not in her old melodious tone, But from the cannon's adamantine lips; And though she bled she uttered not a groan, But hid her agony in war's eclipse. Without her walls a half a million men, Called from the Teuton's land, beyond the Rhine, Hung like a belt of steel, with fiery hem. Plying the work of death with gun and mine.

For days the sun looked red through smoky clouds, As if the battle's heat had reached the skies; And many graves there were that knew no shrouds; While Freedom viewed the scene with tearful

But ah! Lubelia, all in vain the strife! Fate rung remorselessly the doleful knell. With wailing cries the wintry air is rife— Paris is fallen! Toll again the bell! \* Lubelia, the ancient name of Paris.

## Strange Stories.

### BENEATH THE WAVES:

THE LEGEND OF THE BURIED SHIP.

BY AGILE PENNE.

A STORMY sky looked down upon the little fishing village of Drontland, Norway.

A wild and dangerous sea poured in its huge breakers against the jagged rocks that

guarded the coast.

The sun, its luster dimmed by the dark storm-clouds, was sinking slowly to its bed, afar on the lead-colored waters, that were streaked here and there with patches of white where billow met billow in fierce and

Earth, sea and air predicted a stormy night.
Down on the little beach where the surf came howling in, sheltered by the huge rocks that rose behind them, stood a stalwart youth, clad in a garb, half-sailor, half-sa peasant, and a fair young girl, whose neat

and tasty dress, golden ear-rings and brooch, told that her station was far above that of the youth who held her so fondly in his arms.
The two were lovers; their position told

that at a glance. It was in the year 1701, on a lowery August afternoon, that Hendrik Lytken, the poor fisherman, and Una Appelgren, the daughter of the wealthy tavern-keeper, Johanne Applegren, stood together on the strand in the little bay of Drontland, and looked out afar over the raging waters of

"Dear Hendrik, this I fear must be our last meeting," said the girl, sadly, and cling-ing with fond affection to her lover's breast. "Oh, Una?" cried the youth, imprinting a kiss on the white forehead of the browneyed, brown-haired maid, "your words kill the heart in my breast. Why must this be

our last meeting?"

"Because my father and Charlsen, the miller, have talked together. The miller is wealthy; my father says that I must be his wife," said the girl, with tearful eyes.

"Why, Ola Charlsen is old enough to be the father." evid the yearth in wealth.

thy father!" cried the youth, in wonder.
"But he has wealth—" "While I am but a poor fisherman!" said the lover, sadly, a great tear shining in his full blue eyes.

what do I see?" cried a stern voice. The lovers turned in dismay and beheld the frowning face of Una's father, Johanne Appelgren, the landlord of the "Golden Anchor," for such a sign his tavern bore. He had stolen around the jutting rocks that hemmed in the little bay and surprised the

"Have I not told thee, Hendrik Lytken, that my girl is not for thee?" he demanded,

"And why do you object to receive me as a son-in-law?" the young fisherman asked, raising his head proudly.

"Because you are poor; naught but a simple fisherman. Canst thou support my daughter and keep her from want? Therefore I tell thee again, she is not for thee. Ola Charlsen, the miller, would have her to wife. He is rich, and to-morrow morning he is to pay down a hundred rix-dollars to

ind the bargain."
"And if I had a hundred rix-dollars?" demanded the youth.

"Then you could have my daughter. You're a good lad and I like you well, but my child shall not marry a beggar. But, why do I talk of a hundred rix-dollars to thee, who can not call thyself master of ten? Do you think the money will come to thee from the skies, or mayhap you will dive into the Pirate's Cove and gather some of the buried gold of Rollo of the Red Hand, whose pirate ship lies buried there, if the old tradition be true

"Oh, father!" cried Una, imploringly.
"Not a word, girl!" cried the father, imperiously; "your fisherman has heard the condition. If he comes not to-morrow noon with the dollars, you shall be the bride of Charlsen the miller. I shall expect you home shortly. Take a last farewell, for by the beard of Red Handed Rollo, you shall find that I will have my way in this mat-

Then the old man retraced his steps and left the lovers to their sad reflections.
"Oh, Hendrik, we must part!" and the girl fell, sobbing, on the breast of the fisher-

Hendrik's brow was dark and gloomy. "Your father is right," he muttered; "where can I find the money? unless, indeed, I seek it beneath the waves in the bu-

ried ship of the pirates.' "Do you believe that fearful story?" Una asked, with a covert glance around at the

boiling sea and the jagged rocks.
"Oh, yes, it is true," he replied. "Oh, yes, it is true," he replied. "Years ago the pirate ship of the Sea King, Rollo of the Red Hand, was driven on the rocks in the little cove beyond there," and Hendrik waved his hand to the north. "All on board perished. The pirate ship was laden with gold, the spoils of the Sea King. I know that it is true, Una, for only yesterday, on the beach by the cove, I picked up this gold piece, see," and the fisherman drew from his pocket a strange, old-fashioned coin, such as Una never had seen before. "Your father told me of the buried treasure. For your sake I will dare the spirits



of the pirate crew, that men say, haunt the cove after nightfall. I'll cast my net there this very night. Perhaps I may bring from beneath the waves some of the golden cargo of the buried ship."

"Oh, think of the danger!" Una murmured.

"I will brave every thing for thy sake!" he replied, undauntedly. "One last kiss and then farewell, perhaps forever." Sadly the lovers parted.

The night came. Earth, sea and sky were plunged in darkness. The moon hid itself behind the clouds.

The hour of nine was past when the young fisherman, net in hand, stood upon the strand whereon the waters of the Pirate's Cove leaped in little rippling waves.

The boiling surf had broke in fierce fury

at his feet until he reached the cove; there, all was calm and still; the waters black as

"Oh that I could dive down beneath those waves and bring to the light the gold-en treasures of Rollo of the Red Hand!" exclaimed Hendrik, as he stood upon the shore and looked wistfully on the still waters of the cave.

"And why can you not?" asked a hoarse voice at his elbow. Hendrik turned in astonishment and be

held a dark form standing by his side. Ere he could frame an answer, the moon shone forth clear, and by its light the fish erman saw that the stranger was a power-fully-built man dressed in a strange fashion. A steel breast-plate protected his chest, and from the polished surface of the steel, water was dripping; a tunic of coarse cloth covered his person to the knee, his legs were bare, the feet protected by sandals of hide. On his head a helmet of polished brass gleamed fitfully in the moonlight. A huge red beard covered the stranger's chin, and rough red locks curled from under the edge of the helmet. Drops of water were gleaming on his helmet and streaming from his hair. The stranger leaned upon a massive sword, and as the fisherman looked fearfully into his face, he saw that it was as white as the face of a corpse.

The teeth of the fisherman chattered with

fear.

"Who are you?" Hendrik cried. "Speak, in the name of—"

"Hush!" the stranger said, warningly,

"mention nothing holy in my presence. I am Rollo of the Red Hand, the master of the pirate ship that lies buried beneath you der waves, ten fathoms deep. There is gold enough there to buy thy bride a hundred times—I know all—and thou shalt have the money on one condition. And that is, if thou wilt take my place beneath the waves in the buried ship, for four and twenty hours. Feer no harms at the expiration of hours. Fear no harm; at the expiration of that time thou canst return to earth and the gold is thine. I am suffered to remain on earth for that time if I can find a mortal willing to take my place below."

"But, my Una will be pledged to another to-morrow morn."

"I can prevent that. I will stay the miller. He shall not have thy Una."
"Well, I consent!" cried Hendrik, des-

perately.

The moon covered the earth with dark-

When it again shone forth, no form east a shadow on the strand of the Pirate's Cove.

That night the wind veered to the north and a terrible storm swept along the Nor-

Old sailors crossed themselves and mut-tered that the devil himself must surely be

The morning came bright and beautiful after the dreadful tempest of the night.

Quite a little knot of people were assembled in the best room of the "Golden Anchor," for the determination of old Appelgren to betroth his daughter to one of two lovers, had been reported around among

the villagers. Una sat in a corner, pale and dejected, for Hendrik, the fisherman, had not been seen that morning by any one.

Old Appelgren and Charlsen, the miller, sat chatting together. In his huge pocket, in a canvas bag, the miller carried the hundred rix-dollars.

Ten o'clock came Then old Appelgren arose "The fisherman, Hendrik Lytken, has not come; so pay me the hundred rix-dollars, neighbor Ola, and Una is yours."

"Hold on!" cried a hoarse voice, and then the door opened with a whir, and the fisherman, Hendrik Lytken, stalked into the

His face was pale as death, and the salt water was dripping from his yellow hair. With a heavy hand he dashed down a leathern bag upon the table. The bag was rotten—soaked with water, and bursting open with the shock, gold pieces, stamped in many a strange fashion, rolled out upon the table

All started with amazement.
"There's the hundred rix-dollars, and now I claim the fulfillment of the bargain," Hen drik cried, hoarsely.

The saints preserve us! where got you this money?" asked the father, in wonder.
"Where you suggested; beneath the "Where you suggested; beneath the waves, in the buried ship of Rolla of the Red Hand," replied Hendrik.
"What! eh!" cried all in astonishment,

except Una.

She had risen in joy at her lover's abrupt entrance, but now she stood like a statue, with her gaze fixed intently upon the face

of the young fisherman. "I tell you I dove beneath the waves, grappled with this treasure and brought it to the strand," cried Hendrik, with a fearless

air, and a wicked light gleaming in his blue "The saints protect us!" exclaimed the

old man, in wonder, "I would not have done such a thing for all the gold in Nor-

way."
"Why, what would you fear?" asked the fisherman. "The spirits of the pirate crew; 'tis said they guard the ocean treasure," replied Ap-

plegren.
"Yes, and I remember, years ago, hearing my father tell how the spirit of Rollo, the Sea King, sometimes is allowed to revisit the earth, provided he can get a mortal take his place beneath the waves, and if, while on the earth in his mortal shape, he can induce a pure maiden to accept him for a husband, her soul goes to the Evil One, and a hundred years' respite from the fires below is given him," said the miller, ear-

nestly.
"What folly!" cried Hendrik, scornfully. "But come; I claim my bride."
"You see, neighbor—" said Applegren to

the miller.

man has fulfilled the condition; and, as for myself, I'll keep the dollars and do without the wife." And so it was settled that the marriage

should take place that afternoon.

Hendrik asked for a bed. He was evidently suffering under some strong emo-He did not even approach the maid that

he had risked his soul to gain.

The fisherman laid down and slept like well, the watching gossips thought more than once that he was dead.

than once that he was dead.

The priest came at three, and with a start the fisherman awoke. And when he got up, the water was still dripping from his hair.

The bridal party entered the little church. As they passed in, Hendrik took Una's hand and imprinted a kiss upon her lips; but both his hand and his lips were cold as ice and from the blood in her veins. ice and froze the blood in her veins.

As they stood before the altar a horrible suspicion entered Una's mind.

With Una to think was to act. Slyly, she dipped her fingers in the holy water and sprinkled the drops upon the face

of the bridegroom.

With a howl of despair he rushed from the church, ran to the Pirate's Cove, leaped in, and as the waters closed around him, the horrified people, who had followed, saw, in-

stead of the face of the fisherman, the ghast-ly features of Rollo of the Red Hand.

A few moments after, the waves washed to the shore the senseless form of Hendrik Eagerly they tended him, and at last he recovered, but never to mortal did he tell the secrets that he beheld beneath the

Una on her knees thanked the blessed Virgin that had saved her from being the bride

of the doomed pirate. Hendrik and Una were married. On stormy nights, Hendrik talks in his sleep and tells of his strange wanderings beneath the waves in the buried ship.

#### Isoline. A VENETIAN TALE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE day had been simply perfect. Above the spires, domes and minarets of wave-laved Venice curved a deep, bright blue sky, cloudlessly serene; such a sky as we of the Northern land seldom enjoy.

The air was balmy and fragrant; the

beautiful Venice.

Between herself and Isoline, strange to say, there had never existed the fond tie of sisterly affection one would naturally expect; petty jealousies, small envyings, and outright quarrels, were of more frequent occurrence than affectionate demonstrations and sisterly confidences.

But, since the announcement of the engagement between Isoline and young Maz-zochi, a change had taken place in Cecila's

From her haughty, arrogant manner, she grew tenderer, kinder, and Isoline's heart was softened by her sister's warm encomiums on her lover.

The days sped on, and grand preparations for the wedding were commenced; Mazzochi and Isoline planned out their future blissful career, while Cecila suggested, additional control of the vised or improved their arrangements. Occurse the event was the talk of the city Of all the noblesse were to grace the nuptials with their presence; happiness seemed to have covered the old ancestral castle as with a joyous wing, while Isoline, in her passion ate, impetuous love, counted the days, then the hours, till she should never more be parted from Vincent. At length, clad in her trailing robes of virgin purity, decked in rare jewels, and with lightsome heart, Isoline stood ready in her chamber to await the coming of her bridegroom.

Waited, but waited in vain; for, instead of Vincent Mazzochi hastening to greet his bride, came the news that he had flown with Cecila! Hours before, while the maids were arraying the bride in her costly attire, Cecila had stolen away, and, by previous agreement, met young Mazzochi at the foot of the stairs, and gone over the blue waters to a vessel bound for a foreign port.

Stricken dumb and senseless by the stu-pefying blow, Isoline never screamed, or cried, or moaned; only hour after hour would she sit, for days after, watching at the window where she was wont to watch for her lover's coming; refusing to have her bridal robes removed.

Then, when the unnatural apathy wore off, they learned her reason had fied with it; the light had gone from her once-beautiful eyes, the song from her lips.

For several months strict watch was kept over her. Then, one unlucky night— or was it a good fortune that brought rest and peace to her?—she stole softly from her chamber; down the cold, stone stairs, and into her little gondola, the one her cruel lover had rowed her in so often in happy

the heads of half the young men in her a manner as to make me think I saw it? or was it she, the beautiful, doomed girl?

Out on the calm bay, floated a tiny, gild-ed barge, and a tall figure, with its sad, haunting eyes gazing past us into the light, silvery distance, its hand outstretched as if calling down Heaven's help, its hair waving against the white, pallid face, and a hand grasping a gilded oar.

I pointed to it, as it silently floated past.

Harry laughed.

"Your imagination is good, my dear. That is old Thisbe, the gondolier, hailing that sail-boat out yonder. How the moonlight silvers up his old rackety barge! Hey, there, Thisbe! fine night!"

The old fellow made an answer, and that moment the illusion vanished, and with a half-sigh, I turned round to matter-of-fact

Well, I don't want to hear any more delicious legends."

Nor do I; lest they turn out to be This-

# The White Witch: THE LEAGUE OF THREE

A STRANGE STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "HEART OF FIRE," "WOLF DEMON, "SCARLET HAND," "ACE OF SPADES," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

BENDING STEEL. "A countess?" said Leone, in astonish-

ment.
"Exactly; a countess," repeated O'Con-

nel, slowly. "Are you jesting with me?" she asked.
"Oh, no; far from it. I only ask you a simple question. How would you like to be

a countess ?" "I can not answer the question until I know the reason why you put it," replied Leone, who was utterly at a loss to account for the strange words of her visitor.

What has your past life been?" asked O'Connel, suddenly. You know as well as I," Leone answer-

ed, bitterly.
"True, I do. Shall I speak of the past?"
"As you please," said the girl, quietly and coldly." A life of misery."

"Very true," Leone said, sadly.
"And that misery accompanied by—shall



evening was coming swiftly on, silver with moonlight, cool and fresh.

Out on the bay the moonbeams glinted in a long, tremulous wave of purest silver; on

the shore uprose the graceful spires of the city of song. Altogether, the time and scene was one never to be forgotten, and its memory steals over me to-night, sitting in this far

country, with nipping winds and whirling snows outside in the darkness. We had made a tour of France, Spain, and Italy; and were now tarrying at Venice preparatory to a return to America.

Venice seemed to be witch me, especially by moonlight, and I was never weary of listening to the gondoliers' monotonous chant as they glided noiselessly between the tall, gloomy houses that lined the canals, or hearing Harry tell the solemn, romantic, or re

vengeful legends he had heard on his tours of curious investigation. 'Gracie," he said to me, that evening, as we sat on the veranda that overhung the dark, moonlit waters, "I heard the story to-day of a daughter of the noblesse—I hardly know but what I should say legend, so extraor-dinarily weird and touching it was. I sup-

pose you'd like to hear it?" And lighting a fresh cigar, he sat there in the shining moonbeams, and told me the

comantic tale Isoline Des Vosges was the eldest daugh-ter of Count Des Vosges, one of Italia's noblest lords and haughty aristocrats. Born and raised among splendor and wealth, her every wish gratified by a doting father, she grew to maidenhood, fair and beautiful, the loveliest of Italy's daughters.

Her beauty was of the usual Italian type —clear, bright black eyes, with long, jetty, shading lashes and brows. Hair of lustrous blackness, and a complexion clear and bru-

At eighteen she had her lovers, but from all of whom she turned in disdainful scorn; then, when in the first blushing beauty of womanhood, she saw young Mazzochi, son of one of the grandees of Venice, her heart capitulated, and she gave herself wholly to

the fervor of love's first sweet dream. Vincent Mazzochi was a fine-looking young fellow, of straight, kingly bearing, and high-born, haughty air. Handsome as Isoline herself, they formed a couple who attracted universal admiration wherever

they were known Isoline had a sister several years younger than herself, and, in common with the Des "Say no more; a bargain is a bargain." | Vosges family, a piquant, sparkling little replied the miller, calmly. "The young beauty, whose bewitching smiles had turned

| days. Clad in her ghostly robes, her jet- | I say by crime?" the young man asked, fix black hair streaming over her pale face, she stood upright in the little boat, her hand grasping an oar, her dull eyes looking out on the broad expanse of waters, as if searching for him who had worked all this ruin.

She had only been gone a few moments before her attendant missed her; instant search being given, she was speedily discov ered, rowing as fast as her strength would admit out toward a vessel, lying black and

distinct against the moonlit sky. On she went, keeping the same distance between her and her pursuers; straight to the vessel, looking like some ghost on death-

ly mission. She neared the boat, and then some mystic agent seemed to work within her; her father, from his gondola, caught the glances of her flashing eyes, saw the quick, labored breathing; then, dashing up to the motioness vessel, essayed to climb its smooth, black sides. Count Des Vosges, having gained the distance between them, hastened to her assistance just in time to see her fall back into her gondola; the life-blood streaming

from her pale lips.

She had expended all her little strength and killed herself in this seemingly inexpli-cable attempt to get aboard of this strange vessel. Partly to gratify his curiosity, the old count went aboard; judge of his sur-prise and amazement to find among its passengers Cecila and young Mazzochi, returning to the castle in the hopes of forgiveness while, without, Isoline lay dead, impelled to meet her doom by some strangely mysterious power we can not understand or know.

And to-day the Venetians say the beauti ful, fated Isoline can be seen, at times, sailing in her gilded gondola, when the moon shines brightest, and the season brings around the anniversary of her death.

"I don't believe it; do you, Harry?" And yet I involuntarily clung closer to him; for it was so light out on the bay, and pernaps that very night was the anniversary. Who knew otherwise?

"No," he answered, slowly, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "I must confess I have no weakness that way. Part may be true, doubtless, and the rest these imaginative Italians have invented. At any rate the Des Vosges' palace is draped in black today; I inquired why, and so learned the

And perhaps she is abroad," I whispered, as I gazed out on the moonlit sea Was it imagination or reality? Had Harry's recital acted on my optic nerves in such argosies from us-blow them off the coast I offer you! The chance to win the love of

ing his keen eyes upon the pale face of the

Say what you like; you know the truth,' replied Leone, tear-drops appearing in her great, lustrous eves. We'll waive the question and not discuss

it," said O'Connel, carelessly. "We'll come to the present. What are you now?"
"A most wretched woman!" and the

young girl buried her face in her hands as O'Connel watched her, silently, for a moment; an odd, stern smile upon his features He noted the suppressed sobs of the girl saw her slight form quiver as she struggle to keep back the emotion that swelled with-in her breast. There was no pity in the face of the man as he looked upon the an

guish of the young girl. No mercy in his cold smile. "I have no doubt that you are quite right," he said, coldly, breaking the silence, "but I did not speak of your mental condition but

as to your position in the world."
"You wish me to answer you?" she ask ed, raising her head and showing the teardrops shining in the dark eyes.

"Yes, of course; else I should not have asked the question." "I am a music-teacher, gaining my bread honestly-"And exposed to all sorts of insults," he

interrupted. Yes, you are right, I am." "Because you are beautiful. Few girls in all this great city, Leone, are half as beautiful as you. You work hard, yet it is

a constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door, is it not?" 'Yes, and you know the reason why!' exclaimed the girl, a flash of indignation passing across her pale face.

'Yes; I believe I do borrow a little of your spare cash once in a while, when the goddess Fortune refuses to smile upon me and the courtly gentleman rakes in my money at the faro-table," O'Connel said, cool-"But I intend to pay you all up sometime.

'Sometime!" "Yes, when my ships come in."
"Your ships?"
"Of course. Don't you know, Leone,

that every one in this world has ships sail ing on the broad ocean of time? Ships freighted with golden sands, diamonds from Golconda, and rich spices from far-off Ind, the land of Prester John? Contrary winds -blasts of adversity-keep these precious

even when they are within sight, and about to enter the haven of safety. We can even see them—see the sinking sun gleam on the masts of beaten gold and playing in lines of rippling light on the shimmering sails of silk; then comes the blast, and darkness hides the bark from our sight. A man becomes suddenly rich, Leone; his ships have come in. Few men in this world, my girl, that in their day-dreams have not visions of the ships that may come to port at any mo-ment and make them wealthy men."
"And your ships?" questioned the girl,

who suspected that he concealed some special meaning in his fanciful words.

"Are coming in!" he cried, gayly, "and here, behold! the first installment of the

Then he drew from his pocket-book two checks, and laid them in the lap of the girl. "Atlantic bank—three thousand dollars.

First National-three thousand dollars, payable to Lionel O'Connel or order!" exclaimed the girl, in amazement, as she examined

"Exactly, making six thousand dollars in all!" said O'Connel, in a tone of triumph.
"Why, this is a small fortune!"
"Nothing to what I will have, before I'm a year older," said O'Connel, in a tone of settled conviction. settled conviction.

settled conviction.

"Have you again stained your soul with a crime?" asked the girl, with a shudder.

"Hush! how dare you!" cried O'Connel, springing to his feet, in anger. "Walls have ears! be careful for your own sake, if not for mine. Foolish girl, why do you speak of the past? Let it bury its dead, and don't dig them up again."

He paced the room for a few minutes, biting his nails, nervously, then he cooled

biting his nails, nervously, then he cooled down and again resumed his seat. "Leone, there's a brilliant future before

you. No longer a poor music-teacher, dependent upon the caprices of others, but you shall be a very queen. Leone, you are a beautiful woman; diamonds will shine with double luster in contrast to that glossy, ebon hair. You shall have diamonds, ever

thing—almost—in this world that you wish for. Come, isn't the prospect a bright one?" "And the price that I am to pay for all this?" asked Leone, slowly, a strange light gleaming in her eyes.

"Price?" said O'Connel, in some confu-

sion.
"Yes, I am not a fool, Lionel; it does not do credit to your usual judgment that you take me for one. You paint a brilliant future, and to enjoy that future I shall have to pay a costly price. Deal with me fairly; you will find it better in the end."

For a propert O'Connel way

For a moment O'Connel watched the cold, impassive face of the girl. "By Jove! Leone; I believe that you are right!" he cried, suddenly. "I will deal fairly with you. I am going to take you from this miserable hole and place you in one of the first-class up-town hotels. the world to understand that you are the daughter of a French count, who has been killed in the war. You are without relatives and have sought a home in this country. Your mother was an English lady, hence the ease with which you speak English. As for the French, you know that there are few better French scholars than You shall have plenty of money to assist you in carrying out the deception."
"But the object of all this?" asked the

girl; "you have some object, of course."
"Yes—" then O'Connel paused; the explanation was not so easy as he had ima-

Well, I am waiting," Leone said, watching O'Connel's face, keenly, with her brilliant eyes as she spoke. 'There is in New York a certain man

who has three enemies. These three wish to ruin this man—" "And they call upon me to aid them?" interrupted Leone, coldly.
"Exactly!" cried O'Connel. "A clear

head, that little one of yours, Leone."
"And I am to play the part of the siren and lure this man to destruction?" 'Right again.'

"Who is he?" "He is called Angus Montgomery!" The girl started; the warm blood flushed her cheeks. O'Connel looked at her in astonishment. "What! you know this Montgomery,

then?" he asked. "Yes," Leone replied, sinking her head upon her bosom in confusion. Where the deuce did you ever meet him? I do not know him, but I have seen

him," the "Where?" ' the girl replied, in some confusion. "He visits Miss Chauncy's, where I teach. When I have been giving Miss Agatha her music lesson in the back-parlor, he has been the front one, conversing with Miss

Frances." Leone answered. He is engaged to Miss Frances." And O'Connel, watching Leone's face intently, saw an expression of anguish pass over it. A peculiar smile curled his lip as he saw "And she doesn't love him in the least,

but only marries him for his money. it would really be an act of mercy to de-prive him of his wealth, and thus save him from a woman who will-beyond the shadow of a doubt-make all his future life

wretched. "Yes, for the woman who does not love a man can not wrong him greater than to marry-him," Leone said, slowly. "Truth, every word, Leone. Now you know how you are to pay for the comfort—

nay luxury-of the future. Of course you consent," O'Connel spoke, carelessly.
"No, I do not," Leone replied, firmly. You do not consent?' "No; on the contrary, I most decidedly

refuse. "I-I do not wish to tell you," Leone replied, in confusion.

"Leone, you must tell me!" O'Connel ex-claimed, his face clouding up, and an evil light shining in his eyes.

"I will not!" answered the girl, firmly.
"Then I will tell you," O'Connel said, meaningly

Leone looked at him in astonishment.
"You do not know," she said.
"True; but I can make a shrewd guess, even if I am not a Yankee. You love Angus Montgomery!"
The girl started; again the look of pain

came over her pale features.
"Do not attempt to deny it. I am sure that it is the truth," he continued. "Your face is like an open book to me, and in that book I have read your secret. You love this man, whose station is so far above yours, that to hope to win him would be almost as foolish as to hope to pluck one of the stars from the sky. And now, see what

the man whom, doubtless-for I know your fiery nature—you love better than you do your own life."

Yes, that is true, for I would willingly risk my own life to save him from peril!" cried Leone, quickly. "He inspires love without knowing it. The younger sister of Frances Chauncy, Agatha, loves him with all the passion of her nature, yet I do not think that he even dreams that she loves

Come, accept my offer; ruin this man and then you can have him all to yourself," said O'Connel, coolly.

"I will not," returned the girl, almost

You will do nothing else!" exclaimed O'Connel, a lurking devil shining in his

eyes.
"What do you mean?" Leone's blood was up, sparkled in her eyes and flushed her

Why, that I will force you to do my will," replied O'Connel, sternly. "Foolish girl, do you forget the bond that binds us together—the bond of blood?"

Leone's head sunk at his words.
"Shall I call back the memory of the past?" he continued, fiercely, "call back the

"No, no!" almost shricked the girl, again hiding her face in her hands. "Then do my will—you must—you shall!
I know the strength of the bond between

us, and if you do not, you shall learn it."
"Oh, spare me!" moaned the girl. "No, you will find no mercy in me," replied O'Connel, sternly. "Consent; brave me, if you dare!"

I do not," the girl cried, in agony.

"Yes, I will do your will."

CHAPTER XI. THE DORG-FANCIER.

THAT he was the victim of a terrible plot flashed instantly into Montgomery's mind. Small time had be for thought.

Involuntarily he thrust out his arms, and catching the sides of the trap with his hands, he held himself suspended over the

Little chance had he for escape, however, for "honest Tom, the Mouse," approached Montgomery with a huge club, that he had kept concealed behind him, and raised it high in circle to the high in ci high in air to dash it down upon the head

With a desperate effort, Montgomery strove to raise himself from the trap and escape the blow, which seemed destined to crush him, a stunned and bleeding mass, to the bottom of the dark pit.

But Angus Montgomery was not fated to meet his death at the hands of "The

A new-comer upon the scene changed the

aspect of affairs.

Through a little window in one side of the room a man dashed into the apartment,

One look "The Monse" gave at the man who had so unceremoniously entered the room, and then, with a howl of rage, the rough dropped the club and disappeared through the door by which he had entered.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear!" cried the stranger, striking a tragic attitude in the center of the apartment, and gazing after the fleet-footed "Mouse" with a regretful expression upon his face.

Montgomery swung himself clear of the trap and gained his feet again.
"And he never left me a lock of his hair!" continued the stranger, who was the man with the quill tooth-pick, who had followed Mouse" and Montgomery down

I believe I owe you my life!" exclaimed Montgomery, gazing with horror at the dark opening in the rotten floor, that had so nearly proved a grave to him.

"Don't mention it; these little accidents will happen in the best of families," said the 'Accident?" cried Montgomery! "the in-

fernal villain planned my death!"
"He is quite capable of it. Oh! he's a

"How did it happen that you came so aptly to my assistance?" asked Montgomery.
"Well, you see, it's just like a story in one of the picture-books. I saw you and this tidy young man—who never stopped for to shake with me—sich ingratitude! a-going down Broadway. I had a sort of curiosity to know where you were going and so I follered on a-hind. When you entered these gay and festive halls-this scene of dazzling light-represented by that 'ere penny dip, I saw how the cat jumped and I just came in after you. Luckily for you, sir, the front room was empty and a little window looked from that room into this one. It was werry neatly done—quite a surprise party," and he chuckled quietly to himself. You thought that I had walked into a

trap then?" "A reg'lar one and no mistake; he's a rum 'un, that 'Mouse' is. What he ain't up to, ain't worth knowing," said the man,

'My banker absconded, recently, with quite a large amount of my money. This fellow offered to conduct me to his hidingplace. I fell into the snare-depending upon my strength to keep me from danger —and unhesitatingly accompanied him. I can hardly understand the motive for the attack, unless it was for the purpose of robbery, and I have very few valuables about

'Handsome ticker that of yours," said the man, pointing, "or leastways I judge so from the looks of the chain." Watch and chain are worth two-fifty,'

Montgomery replied.

"Why, bless your innocence! there's roughs 'round here that would take your life for a five-dollar note, and if they were a little drunk, they'd do it for a glass of schicker"

'I suppose we had better get out of this. This fellow may return with assistance,' Montgomery said.

"Oh, there ain't any danger," replied the stranger, coolly. "'The Mouse' won't come back 'cos he's 'wanted,' and he ain't going

to be 'jugged,' if he knows it."
"Wanted?" said Montgomery in wonder.
"Yes, some blue-coated gents are anxious to make his acquaintance.

'Oh, I understand—the police." "Exactly."

"Are you one of the Metropolitan detectives then?"

"Well, now, I never!" said the man, in
wonder. "Do I look like one of them fel-

wonder. "Do I look like one of them fellows? I wouldn't have thought it."
"I supposed so by the sudden flight of this ruffian at your appearance." "You know what the poet says, 'the feller wot prigs, doth fear each—what-d'ye-

call-it—an officer!' Them ain't exactly the words, but them's the ideas," spouted the stranger, in theatrical style.

Then the stranger led the way into the

"I beg parding, but if you are going up Broadway, I'll walk along with you as far as the Metropolitan," the stranger said. "Certainly," Montgomery replied.

Then the two proceeded onward. "By the way, I should like to offer you something for this service, if you won't feel offended, for I am sure that I owe you my

life," Montgomery said, slowly. A true gentleman, he feared to wound the pride of his unknown preserver; for every man hath his pride, be his condition in life what it may. "Well, I don't know," said the stranger,

reflectively, "I s'pose I have done you a leetle service, but you sees my idees are that we're put in the world for to help one another. Now, maybe, Pll get in a fix one of these days; s'pose I comes to you and says I want a 'elping hand, will you give it

"You may depend upon that!" cried

Montgomery, impulsively.

"And now if you care for to stand a glass of beer I don't cares if I looks at you," said the stranger, with a good-natured smile.

Montgomery instantly signified his assent

They dropped into a lunch-room, convenient, procured their ale and then again

"You are not in need of money, then?"
Montgomery asked, with a side glance at the rather seedy dress of his companion.
"No, thank ye," replied the stranger.
"By the way, how may I call your

"Angus Montgomery," replied the young an; "here's my card." Then he penciled his address on it, "and that is my resi-

dence. "I shan't lose it," said the stranger, stowing it away carefully in a greasy wallet, much the worse for wear, that he drew from his pocket.

And your name?" "Christopher Pipgan; Pm a dorg-fan-cier," the stranger replied, with a grin.
"A dog-fancier?"

"Yes, I deals in all kinds of dorgs; perhaps you want to buy a dorg?"
"No, thank you," Montgomery replied.

"I don't have any particular place to hang out; I lives round in spots," and Mr. Pipgan grinned, good-naturedly, as he made the andid confession.

A sudden thought occurred to Mont-

"How would you like to enter my service?" he asked, "not as a servant but as a sort of a steward—a confidential man to look after my interests?" Montgomery had taken a great fancy to the unknown who had come so timely to his rescue.

'I carn't do it-much obliged to you for the offer," Mr. Pipgan said, with a solemn snake of the head. "It wouldn't suit me. I likes my liberty too well. But, if you ever happen to need the services of a man that you can depend on, you can reach me by a note left at 'The Grapes,' in Houston

You mean the little English ale saloon "Yes, and I am generally in there 'bout

noon to get a drop "You are English, then?"
"A reg'lar Londoner—Bow Bells and all that sort of thing, you know," said Pip-

By this time they had reached the Metro-'Here I stop," said the Englishman, halt-

ing.
"Good-night, then," and Montgomery ex-

you want a friend come to me. "Thank ye, and if you need any assistance, don't forget Cris Pipgan, as my pals sed to call me across the water," replied the

Englishman, and so the two parted.
"A reg'lar out-and-outer! true-blue and no mistake!" exclaimed the Englishman, as he watched the tall form of Montgomery, until it was lost in the crowd—hastening along the pavement. "Well, now if this ain't been a wonderful day for meeting old friends, I'm a Dutchman and don't know what 'blue ruin 'means! Let's figure up on the day. First and foremost I meets my dashy nob—whose hair used to be dark brown and is now a beautiful golden, quite lovely for to behold—if I hain't made a mis take in the man. Pip—old boy! bet you ten to one, you haven't! I dodges him to a house in Tenth street and I waits outside three mortal hours afore my bird puts in an appearance. Then he goes to a brown-stone front on Twenty-third street where they keep a first-class menagerie, consisting of a lively tiger—whose claws are awful to be hold when he sees a roll of greenbacks. Then I quietly and scientifically pumps a young man who sells papers at the corner and as he happens to know my bird, I gets a full account of him. So far, all is se rene. I can put my fingers on him when wants to. Then bird, number two, flies up, but he's only a snipe, while the other's pheasant. A dorg-man! blessed if I ain't a bird-man, too!" And with this reflection. Mr. Pipgan resumed his former station in front of the hotel.

Montgomery walked slowly along up Broadway. He was just beginning to re-alize what a terrible danger he had es-

caped. By Jove! I was within an ace of death!" he exclaimed.

Then two ladies coming down Broadway

caught his eye.
One was Miss Agatha Chauncy, a younger sister of Frances, and the other her aunt,

Mrs. Severn, an elderly lady, who took charge of the Chauney household. Agatha was a tall girl, just eighteen years

of age. She was a complete contrast to Frances, having dark eyes and dark hair, but she was fully as beautiful as her sis-Montgomery was somewhat astonished at

seeing Agatha, as he believed her to be at I came away in the same train that you

took. I saw you when you got into the smoking-car," she explained.
"And Frances?" he asked.

"She will be here to-night." A few more words and the two ladies

passed on. 'What a deuced pretty girl Agatha is, Montgomery mused to himself, as he walk-ed on up the street, "and what splendid eyes she has—black as jet! By and the young man started at the thought, "her eyes are exactly like the eyes of that mysterious White Witch. Her prediction comes near the truth. The first blow at my

fortune has been struck, but-bah! it is an accident. Who can foretell the future?" A wise question. Who can answer it?

CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER BIRD FOR THE DORG-FANCIER. A WEEK after Montgomery's arrival in New York, walking down Broadway one fine morning, he met Tulip Roche and Her-

Any news of Catlin?" Tulip asked. "No; there isn't much doubt about his escape with his plunder," Montgomery re-

"I heard that it was fifty thousand that he let you in for," Tulip said.

"No, only twenty: that's bad enough," said Montgomery, with a laugh.

"I suppose you've lost your faith in bankers, eh?" said Tulip, laughing.

"Well, yes, to a certain extent. I'm going to be my own banker hereafter," Montgomery answered.

Tulip and Stoll exchanged glances.
"That's a capital idea!" exclaimed Tulip;

how are you going to manage it? "Oh, simply enough. I ordered a small safe to-day that I intend to keep in my bedchamber, and in that safe I intend to put all my bonds, etc."

Again Tulip and Stoll exchanged looks. This was valuable news for the conspirators. "By the way, Montgomery, have you seen this new beauty who is dazzling the eyes of all the young bloods?" Tulip asked.

No; who is she?" "'Pon my life, it's difficult to say!" exclaimed Stoll, joining in the conversation; "there are so many reports about her. Within the last half-hour I have been informed that she is a Russian princess; a niece of the Emperor of Brazil; the daughter of an English earl; the first-cousin of the Mexican President; and a celebrated opera-singer from Italy."

All wrong, I assure you, Stoll!" cried Tulip.
"Well, I only repeat what I have heard,"

"What you say, Tulip, quite excites my curiosity," Montgomery said. "She's enough to excite any one's curiosity!" cried Stoll, quickly. "She is the prettiest woman that I have ever set eyes

on, and I flatter myself that I know a pretty woman when I see one." 'Her diamonds, too, are magnificent!" Tulip observed.

"But who and what is she?" "Well, I've told you several things that she is supposed to be; you can take your choice," Stoll said. But, Tulip, what is your information regarding this unknown beauty?

That she is a French countess; that is, the daughter of a French count who was killed at Saarbruck; one of the first victims of this Franco-German war-

of this Franco-German war—"
"My dear boy, you may depend upon it
that you are decidedly wrong. Coleman
himself told me, in strict confidence, that
she was a Russian princess, and he promised
me an introduction," interrupted Stoll.

"Why, it seems to me that this fair
stranger has created quite an excitement,"
said Wontgomery who was addressing all

said Montgomery, who was addressing all his conversation to Tulip, and quietly ignoring the presence of the broker entirely.

"Oh! she is a beautiful girl—dresses splendidly and with such perfect taste. Her diamonds, too, are magnificent and set in such an odd fashion. Her ear-rings are two golden snakes coiled in a spiral and holding a single diamond in their mouths; while her breast-pin is a mass of golden snakes, all entwined around each other, and each snake holding a diamond in its jaws.
Then her necklace is one large golden snake, the tail fastening in the mouth, and curiously continued with flexible joints like the reptile itself. In the body of the snake are a multitude of little diamonds."

"Strange fancy for a lady's ornaments," said Montgomery, in wonder. "And her style of beauty is as odd and wondrous as her jewelry."

"But how did you procure all this information?" Montgomery asked.
"From O'Connel. In some way he heard of the arrival of this beautiful unknown, and, as a newspaper man, he made it his husings to interview? the leads. To his business to 'interview' the lady. To his astonishment, he discovered that she was an old acquaintance. He had met her at Paris. In some way - these newspaper writers, you know, manage to get acquainted with almost everybody—he was introduced to the old count, her father, some years ago. Of course the lady was delighted to meet a friend in this strange country.

So, you see, O'Connel is first favorite."

"If I get half a chance, I will cut him out," said Stoll, stroking his beard. "I hate to serve a friend so, but all's fair when a pretty woman is in the case. Here comes O'Connel now," said Tulip. as he caught sight of the young Irishman

advancing up the street. 'O'Connel !" Tulip called, as he came up "Ah! good-morning, gentlemen," O'Con-nel said, gayly; "what's the news?"

"Nothing particular. By the way, I see that you are 'got up' regardless of expense -rose in your button-hole, immaculate kids. Gentlemen, I lay ten to one that O'Connel is on his way to visit the fair Frenchwoman!" Tulip exclaimed.

"You'd win. I am bound for the Coleman House!" O'Connel said, laughing. "I promised to take Miss Leone for a drive through the Park this morning."
"Leone? A pretty name!" exclaimed

Montgomery.
"Yes, and the woman that bears it is prettier far than the name; but I'd better ake care how I praise her too much, or I shall have Montgomery, here, as mad after her as all the rest," O'Connel said, laughing. Not much danger of that. You forget, I have never seen the lady.'

"Ah! then there's a pleasure in store for you," O'Connel said, quickly. "Come, I'll lay aside all jealousy and be your guardianangel. If you will walk as far as the hotel with me, I'll give you an introduction."

Tulip and Stoll groaned in concert.

"You have never offered to introduce me!" exclaimed Tulip. 'Nor me!" added Stoll.

"All in good time; you shall have introductions both of you; allons." And then Montgomery and O'Connel proeeded up the street.

Tulip and Stoll gazed after the two, a peculiar smile upon their features.

"He bites!" said the broker, coarsely.

"How could he resist when the temptation is a pretty woman?" asked Tulip. "Women have always ruined men since the days of Adam," said Stoll, with a sneer. "They have never ruined you."

"They would if I had ever cared for any of them," Stoll replied. "But, I'm no milk-

sop. I never saw the woman yet that I couldn't forget when I wanted to."
"That is because you never have loved."

"Who?"

Tulip laughed. He knew that Stoll spoke

the truth. By the way, did you hear what he said about keeping his valuables in his rooms?" asked Stoll.

"O'Connel must know about it. His crafty head will devise some means of get-And Angus Montgomery will be so

much the poorer."
"Exactly," Stoll said, with a chuckle.
"This O'Connel evidently bears Montgomery a deadly hatred."

What do you suppose is the reason of

"Oh, the old gentleman down below only knows. But one thing we must be careful

of," Stoll said, mysteriously.
"And what is that?" Tulip asked. "This O'Connel is a deuced smart fellow."

"Sharp as a needle." "Well, what of it?"

"We must look out that he isn't too smart for us," Stoll said, ambiguously. "We three have signed a compact."

I intend to keep it; do you?" "Yes, of course.

And the one who breaks it?" "Death." "O'Connel will keep faith with us or pay the penalty," said Tulip, slowly and signifi-

Then the two passed on down the street.

We will follow O'Connel and Montgomery

'By the way," asked Montgomery sud-aly, "do you remember the last masque-

rade at Newport?"

"Yes, certainly," replied O'Connel.

"The night you wore the dress of the White Clown?"

Yes; what of it?" "What were you doing out on the balcony about ten o'clock?" O'Connel could not repress a slight move-

ment of astonishment. ment of astonishment.

"Why, how the deuce did you know that I was on the balcony?" he asked.

"I saw you through the window. Do you remember my telling you about a mysterious woman, dressed all in white, who predicted that certain things would happen

to me in the course of the year?" Mont-"Yes, the White Witch; that was what she called herself, wasn't it?" O'Connel said. He spoke quietly and unconcerned, yet he felt that he was treading on dangerous

"Yes; this strange woman told me certain things, and when I doubted the truth of her statements, she drew aside the curtain of the window and bade me look out upon the balcony and see for myself."

"And what did you see?" asked O'Connel, a peculiar smile appearing upon his

"You and two others; one dressed as a

monk, and the other as a cavalier. You were on your knees, and I heard you say something about 'three drops of blood.'"

O'Connel burst into a loud laugh.

"And the woman said our positions would confirm her words?" "By Jove!" and O'Connel laughed loader than before; "now, this is really too good; ha, ha, ha! Why, we were rehearsing for the tableau of the Duel in the Snow; you remember the picture. We're going to display it the first opportunity—the tableau, you know, not the picture." know, not the picture.

"What an ass I have been !" cried Montgomery, annoyed.
"Oh, your White Witch is a humbug,

Then the two entered the Coleman House. The carriage ordered by O'Connel was standing in front of the hotel.

About an hour afterward, the two young men, escorting the beautiful girl known as the Countess of Epernay, but whom the reader knows better as Leone Basque, descended the hotel steps and entered the open

carriage in waiting
A man sauntering, slowly, along on the other side of the street, caught sight of the little party of three and paused in utter

The quill tooth-pick dropped from his mouth to the pavement unheeded.

His gaze was fixed on the face of Leone He stared as though the fair girl was a spirit risen from the grave, rather than one of

The man was thoroughly astonished.
"Jigger my buttons!" he cried, "it is!
maybe it isn't! If it is—what then? Who

(To be continued—commenced in No. 49.)

# Miss Gilroy's Maid.

BY JENNIE LEIGH.

"But, Zoe, dear, you do not know the man as he really is. I wish I could convince you of his utter worthlessness.' Miriam Doyle looked sadly at her friend as she spoke, and though she saw Zoe De-

laney's fair face darken at her words, yet she would not retract them. "It would be difficult, indeed, Miriam, for you to do that, and dearly as I love you, I can not hear you speak so of one whom in

three months I am to marry.'

"Then, Zoe, if you live to repent it, remember that I at least did all in my power Zoe Delaney was an orphan, and the heiress of a large fortune. Though her in-dependent ideas made her despise the restraints of fashionable society, yet Mrs. Grundy only smiled indulgently at her eccentricities, for riches, in that good lady's eyes, covereth a multitude of sins. Zoe's engagement to Fitz Gilroy had caused the first misunderstanding between the friends, and had at last led to a disagreement which

threatened to become a serious one.
Suddenly Zoe started from the low seat where she had been pensively gazing at the fire, and giving Miriam one of her old-time

hugs, she exclaimed:
"I have it, Miriam! You say Mr. Gilroy is without principle or honor; I declare he is upright and noble. You can not prove your words, but I mean to mine. your prejudice shall be dispelled, and when present you to my husband, you shall acknowledge that he is the best and noblest of

A week after the above conversation, Florence Gilroy informed her brother that Zoe Delaney had left town for a month's visit in the country.

"And I should not be surprised," she went on, though she noted the scowl on his forehead, "if she should be non est on the

wedding-day. These eccentric heiresses are not to be depended on, you know." He was about to reply, when the door opened, and a young person of very gay ex-terior entered. Her deep olive complexion, jetty hair and eyebrows, and the few sen-tences of broken English she lisped out, betokened foreign birth.

'Madame, votre mere has want of to see monsieur in the libraire. By Jove, Flo," drawled the young gen-

by Joy, Tio, "I diswice the young gen tleman, turning on his heel, "and who may this deuced pretty girl be?" "Hush, Fitz," his sister whispered, im-patiently, "she will hear you. It is Finette, my new waiting-maid. Did you not hear her say that mamma wishes to see you in the library?"

The door closed after his retreating figure, but not until he had favored the new maid with another admiring glance from his bold

dark eyes. Finette saw no more of Mr. Gilroy till late that night. About midnight her mistress awakened her and desired that she go to the parlor for the *vinaigrette* that had been carelessly left there, as she had a severe headache and could not sleep. Finette dressed hastily, and was just turning into the parlor from the lower hall, when a key was put into the door from the outside, and Fitz Gilroy entered with quite an unsteady step. He caught sight of the girl trying to avoid his notice, and slipping his arm around her waist, imprinted a kiss on her flushed cheek, in spite of her efforts to escape. She turned upon him with flashing eyes, but he only laughed, and ascending the stairs, disappeared within his own

chamber. One only of all the gentlemen that called at the Gilroys' mansion particularly noticed Finette. This was Brett Chapman, one of finette. This was Brett Chapman, one of the many who had offered their hearts at the shrine of Miss Delaney's beauty, and been kindly but firmly rejected. He was not a handsome man, and had little to re-commend him to a lady's notice but his frank and gentlemanly bearing, if we ex-cept the vast wealth that made him cagerly welcomed in any society he above to aster welcomed in any society he chose to enter. This gentleman, on first catching sight of

Finette, had exclaimed: "What a wonderful resemblance to Miss Delaney! Have you not noticed it, Fitz?"

"Can't say that I have, Brett. She is a deuced sight better looking, with her dark eyes and red cheeks. Pity she has not a fortune to back her! None of your pale beauties for me if I could help it, but needs

must when the devil drives, you know!"

Three weeks passed away, and nearly every night Fitz Gilroy was assisted up the stone steps by some of his boon companions.

At such times the house seemed quiet and its inmates asleep, and the son and heir little thought that a pair of sharp black eyes watched him as night after night he totter. watched him, as night after night he totter-

ed to his room.

Finette became quite a favorite with her young mistress, who confided in her ears many of her plans for the future. Brett Chapman's name was often and favorably mentioned, and Miss Florence evidently regarded him as an undoubted conquest. Gradually, however, she grew more controlled in her with her midstrained in her intercourse with her maid, and watched the girl with jealous eyes.

It did not escape her notice that Brett Chapman always spoke kindly to Finette when he chanced to meet her, and, absurd as she knew it to be, an insane jealousy took possession of her. This feeling reach-ed the climax when, one evening, she discovered among her maid's possessions a few words on a torn scrap of paper, endless love and devotion, and signed "Brett

With flashing eyes she confronted Finette, who was busy in the library, and extended the tell-tale note in her trembling fingers. "You deceiful minx! What business have you to be receiving love-letters from Brett Chapman? You are not content with carrying on a shameless flirtation with my fool of a brother, but you must entangle my lover also. Brett Chapman shall never see your face again! Pack up your things, Fi-

ette, and leave the house at once. Finette's spirit flashed up in her dark eyes, but she answered not. In another moment she had taken bonnet and shawl, and without waiting for her baggage, passed out into the storm and darkness

As she hastened down the street, two

figures followed her. Fitz Gilroy, ignorant of what had occurred, saw her go out, and could not lose so favorable an opportunity Brett Chapman's presence in the drawing-room, that adjoined the library, had been unannounced to Miss Gilroy, and through the glass doors he heard all that had passed. He took his hat, closed the door carefully after him, and left that house, never to re-

and with a vague feeling of apprehension, quickened his steps till he was close behind

He saw Fitz Gilroy join Finette,

"Mr. Gilroy," Finette was exclaiming, passionately, "leave me at once, or I will call a policeman!" A policeman won't help you, my pretty Finette. I've fallen desperately in love with you, and if, as you say, you have left our house for good, why, it's deuced hard on a fellow if he can't find out where you

are going. Come, take my arm, and—"
But Mr. Gilroy never finished his sentence. He turned as he felt a tap on his shoulder, and encountered the scornful, angry eyes of Brett Chapman. "Gilroy, you had better go home at once. I will escort this lady. I see you are not

yourself to-night." "Pardon me, Mr. Chapman," broke in the sweet voice of the lady, so strangely different from the lisping tones of the waiting-maid that both young men started; "Mr. Gilroy is himself at present. His true char-acter is that of an unprincipled, intemperate wretch, which he is now exhibiting before us. His assumed one of a gentleman has deceived many, but, thank Heaven, I have escaped! Mr. Chapman, is it possible you have not recognized your old friend, Zoe Delaney, in Finette all these weeks? I

must have acted my part well, indeed!" Fitz Gilroy turned pale with fury as he comprehended matters. But the pretty heiress gave him one withering glance, placing her hand on Mr. Chapman's offered

arm, walked away.
"But, Miss Delaney," said Brett, after she had explained the cause of her singular dis-guise, "the letter Miss Gilroy spoke to you about—may I ask—"



"Yes," answered Zoe, laughing a little at his embarrassment; "it was part of one you wrote me more than a year ago."
Brett drew the little hand more closely

through his arm, and held it fast.

"Zoe, dearest, my feelings have not changed since I wrote that letter. May I hope that yours toward me have?"

Zoe's answer may be inferred from the fact that, six months later, the fashionable

world received cards for the most disworld received cards for the most dis-tinguished wedding of the season—that of Brett Chapman and Zoe Delaney. Miriam Doyle was first bridesmaid, and gladly ac-knowledged that her friend's prophecy had been fulfilled, and that she had indeed won for her hyerbead, the for her husband the best and noblest of

## Two Strange Seamen.

BY WILLIAM, COMSTOCK.

BEING astray in New York, the weather cold, and my pocket nearly empty, I shipped on board the George Warren, a little, old ship lying at Coenties Slip, bound up the Straits, and belonging to Cape Ann. She had advertised for hands, and, at the time, there was only one old man belonging to her, besides the captain and mate. The old man, whose name was Stockton, said he belonged to Cape Ann and was well acquainted with all the captain's relatives; he boasted that he could fly up the rigging and haul a top-gallant-sail as well as the young-est; and, on the strength of these self-recommendations, he suggested that he would not refuse to take a drink if I had the money to pay for it.

We went to the corner grocery and regaled ourselves accordingly. When we got back to the ship, a cart had arrived with the other hands. We assisted in lifting them on board and stowing them away in the fore-

Here was a hopeful crew: one old man who, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary, was nearly useless on board, and never got above the leading-blocks, and half a dozen men so drunk that we were obliged to handle them like so many logs of wood, and get them under deck lest they should freeze to death.

On the next morning, the pilot came on board, and we went through the Narrows and out to sea with squared yards, breeze being strong and directly aft. We stowed cables that day, the greater part of the crew being unable to assist in the work.

Several days passed before the topers com-

pletely recovered, although they would go aloft and do what they could. On such occasions I expected, every moment, to see two or three of them tumble from the yards; but they were, for the most part, experienced seamen, and as much at home on the reeling mast as a young lady is in her bou-

As they recovered from the effect of their spree on shore, two of them exhibited first-rate ability as seamen. One of them was quite good-looking; the roses came to his cheeks, and his eyes, as blue as the sea, shone with intelligence. The eyes of the other had a leaden appearance, almost like the eyes of a dead man. He was a good seaman, but did every thing mechanically, and seemed to take no interest in any thing, not even in eating, or in drinking the grog which was liberally served out to us by the captain. He seldom spoke, and when any-body addressed him, he simply looked at the speaker with those dead, expressionless eyes of his, and turned away with a half-smile to his blue-eyed companion. The latter stated that he had sailed several voyages er had shipped-and that he was a man of first-rate education. It was difficult to be-lieve that. One would would have judged from his appearance that he was equally devoid of intelligence and of sentiment.

After we had fairly got into the "deep, "it was observed that Mendum and his friend talked a great deal together dur-ing the night-watch. Seated apart from the rest of the crew, the low humming of their voices was heard during the greater part of the watch. It was also noted that they be came suddenly silent when any one approached them.

When old Stockton, who belonged to the other watch, heard of this, he held up his hand, with the stiff fingers crooked, and shook it in a peculiar manner. What he meant by that, nobody knew. Therefore, the gesture was the more significant, as it left a free play for the imagination.

One day, when I was standing at the helm, the captain asked me if I knew any thing about the foremast hand who called himself Mendum. Of course, I answered in It seems almost as if I must have sail-

ed with him before: his face looks so natuadded the captain, as he turned away. On the next night, I was standing at the helm during the middle-watch; we were but three days' sail from Gibraltar; the mate was walking the deck to keep awake; the breeze was light, and we were going only four knots by the log. The night was cloudy and very dark. The hands who had been talking on the windlass had become

suddenly silent. This lasted several minutes, when I heard the sound and felt the jar of something strik-

ing the carline directly under my feet.

Was the captain nailing up something in the cabin? It soon passed from my recollection, and, probably, would never have returned but for events that soon fol-The mate had got as far as the mainmast, in his walk, and paused there as f his attention had been attracted by something. In the next moment he seemed to be scuffling with somebody. That was strange: I had never known him to use any freedom with the foremast hands. I could scarcely see him, but the noise as if of two men wrestling continued a moment, and then I heard a heavy splash alongside, as if some heavy body had fallen into the sea.

After that all was silent. In about a quarter of an hour a man whom I took for the mate came aft, and, looking in the binnacle.

"Keep her off!" It was a strange voice. I replied that Mr. Priestly had ordered me

to steer due east. 'Did you ever die?" said the man, in a tone of concentrated rage. I then perceived that the speaker was Mendum. As I looked up, surprised, he continued: "You will hereafter take your cue from me, young

I then knew that something direful had taken place, and remembered the sound which I had heard in the cabin. It struck me, at once, that in raising the ax to chop off the head of the sleeping captain, the eye of the ax had touched the beam overhead. So it proved. Mendum and his friend had crept along between decks and got into the cabin, where they found the captain and steward asleep. Mendum had split open the head of the former with a sharp broad-ax, while his companion cut the throat of the latter. They then came on deck, and having thrown a bag over the head of the mate, and finally tied a rope around his neck to prevent him from giving an alarm, threw him overboard

I obeyed the orders of Mendum and put up the helm. We steered for the coast of Africa, intending to take in a few negroes and carry them to Cuba.

The crew acquiesced in every thing Mendum proposed, especially as they now perceived that he could talk, and that he was an excellent navigator.

One fine warm evening, as we we were nearing the coast, Mendum, having drank rather more than common, gave us part of

history.
'Hold!" cried old Stockton, springing to his feet; "you say that your real name was Prichard, that you had a brother, named Jonas, who forged a paper, and was permitted to go to sea, instead of being sent to State Prison?"

Av, old fellow-what then?" demanded Mendum, rather offended at the inter-

ruption.
"Well, sir," added the old man; "Jonas did go to sea, and finally grew up a smart man, and sailed out of Cape Ann, and commanded the George Warren."
"What! this ship! how long ago?" cried
Mendum, alias Prichard.

Why, you must know that after having been up for forgery he changed his name,

Very likely," answered the other, with a sigh; "my poor brother! that's the reason I have never been able to fall in with him,

though I have sought him high and low, for he was all the world to me."

Old Stockton shook his head, sadly. "What do you mean by that? Did you not say he once commanded this ship? Where is he, now, do you suppose?"

These questions were put in breathless haste by Prichard, who had risen to his feet and approached the old man.

Again old Stockton shook his head in a gloomy manner.

Why, that must have been Jonas that we massacred and gave to the fishes!' screamed the brother-mutineer of Prichard. For a moment, the brain of the bloody man seemed to reel; then, with a howl like that of some wild beast, he flew to the ship's side,

and leaped into the boiling gulf below.

The waters closed over his head, and the mutineer sunk forever. We then rose and bound the surviving mutineer, and soon af-terward falling in with the British brig Buzzard, a captain was put on board of us, and we returned to the United States. The mu-tineer committed suicide before we came in sight of land.

#### The Three Gold Links. A STORY OF EARLY CALIFORNIA.

BY "BRUIN" ADAMS.

THE discovery of gold amid the mountain valleys and "river bottoms" of California, caused a stream of emigration to flow thither that has never, perhaps, been equaled in the history of the world.

Not only the restless and adventurous from every section of the globe rushed to the gold placers, but men outlawed by so-ciety went and found there a broad and fer-

There could be but one result attendant upon such a state of things. Utter lawlessness became the prevailing condition of society, while the law, its powers not yet organized, was shown to be entirely useless, or rather, incompetent to protect life or property. The people suffered long and patiently under the reign of cutthroats and desperadoes, but at length were forced to adopt the fearful resolution of taking the law into their own hands, and on their own authority inflict such punishment as was necessary to suppress crime and its attendant horrors. Such, then, was the condition of affairs,

when the incident I am about to relate took place, an incident so terrible in its nature. so appalling in its ending, that even the hardened Californian who has become used to almost any and every thing that is start-ling in its nature, shudders as he recalls to memory the sight he witnessed on that stormy night. San Francisco was not then the splendid city that we now see, nor was her bay filled with the ships of every nation upon the earth. A mere collection of frame houses, wooden shanties and mud huts, scat tered promiscuously here and there, was all. But already wealth had begun to pour in, gold nuggets and bags of shining dust, and for these a place of security had to be

This was accomplished by converting a heavily built log-house, carefully guarded by thick windows and iron-studded doors, into a "bank," where miners and speculators could deposit their treasures in compara-

The bank was always watched by what was considered a sufficiently strong force. the people looked upon the hitherto difficult problem of setting burglars and thieves at defiance as solved.

But this fancied security led to most disastrous results. One night during the prevalence of the equinoctial storm, when the raging wind and cutting sleet had driven the hardiest and

bravest within doors, the bank was forcibly entered by a band of English burglars. There were three watchmen within the

building, all tried men, and armed to the People living in the vicinity said, the

next day, that they heard, or fancied they heard, during the storm, and late at night, the sound of firearms, and shouts and curses of men in combat. But these things were of common occur-

rence, and so preferring their comfortable beds to venturing out in the wintry blast, they shut their ears and fell asleep, while the rattle of revolvers and the shrieks of dying men were borne unheeded away on the

wings of the storm.

The following morning a fearful sight met the gaze of those whose duty led them to enter the bank.

Five corpses strewed the floor, three of

the bodies being instantly recognized as those of the watchmen, while the other two, burly, brawny ruffians, evidently of the

worst class, were entirely unknown.

A fearful struggle had taken place.

The floor, the walls, desks, chairs and counter were literally covered with blood.

Much of the furniture had been smashed or otherwise injured, while here and there the small, round hole in woodwork, or the broad break in plaster, told how hot the fire must have been when so many balls missed their mark.

The strong boxes were broken open and completely rifled of their precious contents. It is impossible to describe the excitement that spread like wild-fire over the town. Men, at first rendered almost helpless by reason of the shock, quickly recovered and the seems for the surveys we because the search for the murderers was begun.

I was then quite a young man, almost a youth in fact, but I remember the frenzied zeal with which I went to work.

Every one seemed actuated by but one purpose, and that, the capture of the des-

Ropes were prepared, blocks rove at convenient places, all ready for the execution as soon as a victim was procured.

But the search was in vain. No traces of the perpetrators were to be found, and men, even the sharpest detectives, and there were some natural ones there, fairly owned themselves at fault.

But I speak too hastily. There was a clue, slight though it was, and this thread was grasped and followed.

Upon the body of one of the dead burglars—and I may here remark as a singular fact, that both of them had been shot in the right eye—some one had found a small piece of gold chain, three links in all, of peculiar and evidently foreign workmanship. These links of gold, which were destined to be literally links in a chain of evidence that would convict a murderer, were carefully preserved, though, at the same time, freely exhibited to all who expressed a desire to

For months the search continued. Not only the city, but the surrounding country, the mining districts and neighboring towns, were closely searched and strictly watched.

The winter wore away, and spring came. Men had ceased to talk so much of the "bank murder," as it was called, though the desire to capture the murderers was as strong as ever, when suddenly the excitement was again renewed, and the flame of popular desire for vengeance burned as brightly as it had during the early days of the affair. It seemed that a sailor, who had gone to view the celebrated links of the chain found upon the dead burglar, had at once asserted that he knew the man to whom they belonged, or had once done so; that he had seen him in the city only a few days before, and, more than all else, he was still wearing the remainder of the chain.

With a wise forethought the sailor was at once seized and held in mild imprisonment, for fear the murderer might hear of his identification by reason of the man's gossiping. That night the vigilance committee was reformed, and steps taken to at once apprehend the suspected individual.

It was a singular coincidence that the night upon which the avengers took the

trail that was to end in the murderer's cap-ture, or rather death, a storm, fiercer, if pos-sible, than the equinoctial, was abroad upon

In an open lot, in which is now the lower or southern part of the city, there stood at this time a small cluster, some half-dozen, of rough pine-plank cottages, if I may give them so respectable a name, and along of them, a more imposing structure, built of heavy logs and thick rafters, two stories and

What the building was first erected for I know not, but the entire collection were now occupied by a colony of desperadoes of the worst class, a species of head-quarfrom whence they sallied out on their unlawful expeditions, or held counsel with their fellows as to future operations. Once upon the track of their man, the

From gambling-hell to drinking-den, and thence to houses of ill-repute, they tracked the murderer with the unerring certainty and eager desire of blood-hounds.

A rafter has given way, another and another. The roof sways and totters, rises and falls, like the swell upon the ocean.

A deafening crash is heard, a loud shown. In more than one place the fatal chain was minutely described. The fellow wore

it openly upon his vest, though he must have known the danger of doing so. He was said to be a man of herculean build, possessed of enormous strength, "black muzzled," and fierce in aspect, al-

ways heavily armed, and seemingly afraid of neither man nor devil. How true the description was will be seen. At length the trail was broken for a short time. At a low den, upon the outskirts of the town, he had been seen an hour or two previous, but from there all trace was lost. A few moments' consideration, of low, stern conversation among the band, numbering some twenty-five or thirty determined men,

resulted in some one raising the cry of-To Hell's Half-Acre! He is there!"and away the crowd went toward the cluster of houses we have already described, and which was known by the forcible appellation above. In sight of the place the regulators halted to organize and lay their plan of procedure. This occupied but a few moments, and at once they moved si-

lently, steadily forward. The night was intensely dark. The drifting and rain, the roaring of the wind, as it came sweeping in from oceanward, the crash of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, all served to make the night a fearful

Not a light was to be seen in any of the

buildings. All was dark, dreary, and apparently deserted. But such was far from being the case

The thieves had, somehow, got warning of what was in the wind, and several of the most desperate had collected in the large log-house, determined to defend their den to the last. As the regulators spread out upon either

hand, and drew their cordon around the buildings, a sudden sheet of flame leaped from between the crevices of the heavy logs, and a volley of balls swept through their The sound was magical in its effect.

Out from the town a tumultuous crowd of excited men, women and young boys rushed, utterly regardless of the storm, only eager the celebrated "bank murderer brought to justice.

In about ten minutes there were five hun-

dred people, wild with excitement, shouting, yelling, cursing, swaying back and forth about that old house, from which, now and then, a shot would come, sometimes with fatal effect.

Those within it knew their doom, and were reckless of consequences. Their only desire seemed to be to kill as many of their assailants as possible.

One of the regulators, bearing a torch in his hand, stepped out of the ranks and advanced toward the house.

His object was to demand the surrender of the man they were in search of. The others, he said, even though they had fired upon the people, might go free.

The words were hardly out of his mouth, before he fell, pierced by half a dozen balls

fired by the besieged. This was the signal for a general on-

Like a pack of famished tigers, the infuriated multitude rushed upon the house. Axes, sledges and crow-bars were rapidly plied under a heavy fire from within. Men fell here and there, and were carried back out of the way, while others took their places, and worked steadily on.

No barrier could have long withstood such an attack.

It gave way, and with a yell that shook the solid structure to its very foundations, the maddened crowd rushed in. Instantly the quick detonation of revolvers began to be heard, and then the fight became close and deadly.

But numbers told. One by one the robbers fell, until only one remained, a tall, powerfully-built man, his face nearly concealed by a heavy black beard, across whose waistcoat hung a long linked chain of gold.

With the agility of a deer, after seeing the last of his confederates sink under the regulators fire, he sprung to the foot of a narrow stairway that led above, faced his assailants with cocked pistol, and slowly began the ascent, going up backward.

A dozen pistols were instantly leveled at him, when a voice rung out, "Take him alive! Don't shoot!" causing the uplifted

weapons to drop.

A scornful laugh was the desperate man's

only reply as he disappeared across the landing above. In all that crowd of men, many of whom were noted for their "game," not one was daring enough—foolhardy were the better

to follow that man up those stairs. To the first, second, third, and perhaps more, it would be certain death. Burn him! burn the villain!" now began

to be heard on every side The hint took in an instant. Out of the house they rushed, the last ones raising the shattered door into its place, and fastening it from the outside.

A moment later the torch was applied in half a dozen places. The dry pine wood caught readily, and the red flames, fanned by the rushing wind, lapped upward and around with fearful ra-

The crowd drew off, and silently awaited the end.

Higher and higher mounted the devouring element. It twines round the window-frames, the glass crackles and bursts, the long tongues leap into the upper rooms, and shooting upward seize upon the eaves.

A deathlike silence prevails over the crowd, but a moment since so noisy and

Suddenly a loud shout announces that something has occurred, and the next instant the stalwart form of the doomed robber was seen to emerge from a hele in the roof, blackened with smoke and soot, gasping for breath, but still defiant, still hurling bitter curses upon those below, game to the last.

With an effort he crawled to the comb, where the second is the fact that the comb, is found to the comb.

and, regaining his feet, drew his form to its utmost hight. Raising his hand as though to command attention, he spoke some words, the exact purport of which could not be gathered by reason of the roar of the flames and shricking wind, but they were plainly anathemas upon

tose who had so hunted him down.

Thus he remained while the gathering flames encircled the spot upon which he stood, their sharp teeth cutting away, inch by inch, the frail footing that lay between him and the hell of fire below.

charges the last charge of his revolver into his own brain, and down, down he falls into the glowing red-hot furnace, that yawns to receive its prey.

# Cruiser Crusoe: LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST. NUMBER FIFTY-TWO.

THE morning broke at last on which Polly was to become mine by the dearest of ties known to humanity here below. It was a bright, glorious day. I had risen at break of dawn to make the final preparations. On a small hillock within the fortifications, we had erected a kind of chape with an altar. It was merely four upright bamboos supporting a roof, but to us it ap-peared a marvel of architecture.

All had arrayed themselves in their best, while such happy, grinning faces as the ne-groes presented, all shining with recent washing, it would have been hard to find. There is nobody for marriages, christenings, or funerals like the blacks. Any of these occasions are for them festivities. They

revel in such doings. They had all manufactured some present for the bride and bridegroom, while they moreover had devoted much time to the perfection of my masterpiece, which was to dazzle the eyes of the bride.

We all met at breakfast, and then after a brief delay rose to move in the direction of the altar, where the old captain with a prayer-book in his hand awaited us.

All were as grave, solemn and sensible of the importance of the occasion as if we had been in a stone church made by man's

hands. Were we not beneath a more glorious canopy than any which architect ever erected? The blue sky, the bright sun, the waving trees, the song of birds, was some-thing glorious to behold.

She was surrounded with women. I had all the males of our happy colony around me. Even Andrew had on this occasion laid aside all jealousy and become my right. hand man. I even thought I saw him cast

longing eyes at my sister Ellen.
This was a fortunate change in his mood, which might lead to most happy and satisfactory results. At all events I trusted so.

The captain said a few words. The ser-

wife. It had been arranged that games, such as arching, running, leaping, and wrest-ling should follow, until the sumptuous meal which had cost the negresses a sleepless

night, was ready.

The elders took their seats, and beside them my wife—how it sounded. It would have been ungracious on my part to have abandoned my younger friends and remained seated, so I became the most jovial of the band. All were full of spirits, and when I proposed a dance—because the girls then could join—the mirth was uproarious.

Then the banquet was spread upon the green under the shade of the trees, and when every thing was ready all seated themselves. I need not say that there were toasts, and speeches, and laughter, and tears, for such is the everlasting result of weddings

in all countries. Then appeared, amidst thunders of applause, my sledge, to which was attached the zebra and her foal. It was a splendid affair. It had been made in secret, and excited general delight. Polly took her seat, I joined her, and then—but why linger to tell all they said. Everybody will readily

tell all they said. Everybody will readily guess what passed.

But of the joy, of the delight with which we wandered through that garden of Eden, my island bower, I could tell tales that would make me appear garrulous. We explored the limited space in every sense. We grew familiar with every tree, with every green and grassy spot, where we could bathe our feet in pellucid water. And then our trips upon the lake, our moonlight rows without fear on those waters, where even without fear on those waters, where even the savage seldom came—they live in my memory now, and cause me to look back with joy unutterable to the hour which made Polly my dear wife.

At the end of a week we received a visit from the whole colony, who came in state, except Andrew and my sister. They had gone to the grassy farm by the lake, to spend their honeymoon. For months they had

been secretly affianced. At the end of another week we returned to the settlement, and after a few days devoted to duties which were imperative, we sent an express to invite the newly-married couple to a banquet, and in honor of their

arrival, prepared a novel reception.

To the flag-staff on the summit of the great fig-trees, we attached a flag, one of the few things saved from the wreck, which I had brought ashore without suspecting its value. Then, when the young p in sight, we fired a perfect salvo. Hark! what is that—a gun? Then, when the young people came

Heavens! it is a gun at sea, and at no great distance! Up to the top platform of the fort, up through the branches to the staff, up, up the staff itself, until I could go no higher, and then down again as rapidly.

It is—it is a ship. What a white cloud of peace were those great, white sails! Though now greatly attached to our little Island World, thoughts of home-of friends-came up with tumultuous force. Were our sea-girt kingdom a very Areadia of Delight, we would have welcomed that white-winged messenger

from the other land.

And, such a welcome as we gave! Not with cannon and bonfire, but with tears of delight, and congratulations, and inquiries, and songs of joy—all strangely commingled. It was the good ship Grace Mercy—sweet name!—bound homeward from Ceylon, but ordered to touch at Sierra Leone.

beholding our apparently well-wooded and watered island, steered for it to fill up the water-tanks and secure some fresh fruit. It was a happy surprise to the jolly sailors,

threw her right across our latitude, and

as well as to ourselves, and the proposal to return with them was received with joy. We can not describe the three days spent in breaking up our settlement, in transferring our many dear souvenirs of our lonely shipwrecked life—to the ship. I, of course, found place for several of the animals whose ervice and fondness for me had made them

friends indeed And then we set sail.

Homeward bound ! Oh, echo it ye winds; whisper it ye wa-ers; repeat it ye watchful stars! Homeward bound!

Crusoe is Crusoe no longer. He is now a well-to-do citizen of the New World, having those around him who love to hear papa and mamma tell the strange story of their long exile on the Lost Island. THE END.

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W RINKLES REMOVED. Harmless applicavice then began, and at the termination of a quarter of an hour, we were man and EDGAR, Niles, Ohio. 52-1t.



#### DULCEM FECIT.

BY QUIBBLER.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly," And goes to vote election day, She'll soon do all the work, "by golly,"
And man will hunt and fish and play. The streams are clear, the forests breezy We all delight to take it easy

Oh, dulcem fecit, you're the man.

Say, comrades, won't the time go fleeting, With naught to vex or bring a care; No work to do, the best of eating, Earned by our wives and daughters fair? Mechanics, leave your workshops greasy, Street-scrapers, rest because you can, Your time has come to take it easy, Oh, dulcem fecit, you're the man.

How dark the past benighted ages!
Why never think of this before? How wise are these, our modern sages,
What blockheads were the wits of yore. The social state, so old and wheezy, Rejuvenates on wisdom's plan; What joy to know we'll take it easy-

Oh, dulcem fecit, you're the man Go, sister, better your condition; Reverse old nature's homelike rule; Play man, love, but if that's your mission. You'll end a drudge, or I'm a-But still I feel so sneezy, pleazy,

The Drugged Draught.

I'll not upset "progression's" plan, We're all about to take it easy,

Oh, dulcem fecit, you're the man

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

"Anoy, there, cousin Will! Why, bless my eyes, don't you know a fellow?"

Thus spoke a handsome sailor of twentytwo, or thereabouts, clad in blue jacket. trowsers, and a round cloth cap set carelessly upon wavy locks of chestnut bair, beneath which the manly face, while glowing with health, was browned to the hue of an In-

Laughing joyfully, he grasped the hand of his hearer—a good-looking young man of about his own age.

The place of meeting was on the seabeach, a mile or so to the right of Sag Harbor, where the great waves of ocean came tumbling and roaring with the noise of hol-

Will Branch started back, turning ghastly pale, and evidently not at all inclined to return the joyful greeting of his cousin.

"Good heavens, Jack! is it possible?" he gasped; "why I heard you were lost at one?"

'So it was thought," answered Jack Willow, carelessly, biting a piece off a plug of tobacco; "but they say a bad fish is sure to turn up, and here I am, do you see, sure enough, hove in sight again this morning off old Sag, which I should never have reached but for a Chilian schooner that picked me up, after I had clung three days spar, that dropped off our poor old ship, the Bombay, before she went down. Alas! Will," he continued, wiping his eyes, "all went down in that craft but unworthy Jack Willow, the worst of the whole crew

"Cheer up!" cried Will, although his crestfallen countenance, belied his strained manner of cordiality. "Your father will be glad to see you! You will have a happy

'Take me at once to the best of old men!" cried Jack, with an energy that almost blew Will off his feet. "Come, my lad,

lively!"
"Well, the truth is," said Will, turning blue, "that your father is sick, and the shock of his seeing you, now, might carry him off. You had better remain income until he recovers somewhat, which, at the most, will be in a week. There's a public house off there"—pointing southward where you can go and stay until that time. Give a false name

Will," said Jack, hesitatingly, "sailing under false colors isn't hardly to my taste. However, any thing to help father. Won't

I would like to, but haven't time. However, I'll see you soon again With these words they shook hands and

parted. Good-by," said Jack, waving his hat to a schooner, a mile or so from shore, whence he had put off for the beach, and in which ves sel he had just come down from New York Already the schooner was again getting under way, her crew hauling back, by a long rope attached, the little boat in which Jack had pulled himself ashore.

Jack went to the tavern, and there put up under the name of Tom Catch

A restlessness possessed him, all day. nally, away he went, until he came to a little public house, in which lived Fanny Brown—once the loveliest girl near Sag Harbor, but who, during the three years she had mourned her lover, Jack Willow, as lost, had wasted to a mere shadow.

It was near dark when Jack caught sight of her, sitting under a clump of trees, where she and he had often met, as boy and girl-

He made himself known. She gave a little scream. She seemed ready to go mad with joy. Words may not depict her hapwith joy. Words may not depict her may niness. Bidding her not mention his return to a living soul, promising to meet her next day at the same time and place. Jack left her, after passing nearly three hours in her

Meanwhile Will Branch was planning a dark scheme. Jack returned, must come possession of the large estate, besides the thousands of dollars, owned by old Willow-the wealthiest man in the neighborhood. To prevent Jack from getting this fortune. Branch—a rascal from a child made up his mind to have the young sailor killed by a ruffian—a sort of smuggler, named Thad Dreek.

He went to the smuggler, who agreed, for a certain sum to "do the job." There could be no danger in it, Will said, as Jack's identity was not known at present by a living soul but himself.

The smuggler dwelt in a small hut among the rocks, near which Fanny Brown, after her meeting with her lover, sauntered to think, with unseen happiness, upon his return. Suddenly she found herself near the hut, and was about drawing back, when her ear was caught by her lover's name, pronounced by the ruffian Dreek. This led her to listen, when she heard the whole of the dark plan, which was wound up by the agreement to waylay and kill Jack on the following night, tie a stone to his neck, and throw his body into the sea!

Almost wild with terror, on his account, she flew hither and thither for hours, that of the best of wives.

night, vainly searching for his place of abode, which he had kept secret even from

her.
At last she returned home, looking so worn and haggard, that her parents thought she had now really gone mad. In spite of all protestations, they locked her up in her room, fearing that she would go astray and drown herself. Finally, by a doctor's advice, they forced her to take an opiate, which made her sleep for many long, long hours. Her rayings about her lover being hours. Her ravings about her lover being in danger of his life from Dreek, etc., had of course been deemed conclusive evidence of her insanity, as all believed that he was lost at sea.

Vainly she had explained that he had returned; this had only made them shake their heads all the more incredulously.

Poor Fanny slept till sundown the next day. When she waked, her first thought was of Jack's danger, and she uttered a scream, which soon drew her parents to the room. She perceived that it would be useless to make them believe her story, so she pretended to be calm and quiet, in hopes that they would let her out of her confine-The change in her manner had this effect. She was finally permitted to go down to wait on customers. Now her whole face gleamed with hope. With her flushed cheeks, starry eyes, and her long, wavy hair falling down her shoulders, she

was indeed strangely lovely to see.

Soon her parents retired from the public room to a back parlor to comment upon

Fanny's improvement.

Now was the time. She was about leavmg the house to meet her lover under the trees, as had been agreed upon, when in came Thad Dreek, a stout stick in his hand, an old felt hat over his low, dark forehead, his coat-collar drawn up over his ears.

Fanny shuddered, feeling sure that he

was ready to start upon his criminal mission.

"Glass of ale!" he cried, roughly, standing sideways, leaning against the counter, his right arm upon it, his ugly stick raised

"Wait a minute!" she said, and flew up-

She procured the opiate, and when she returned, the ruffian Dreek being still in the position she had left him, she was enabled, unseen, to pour the contents of the vial into the mug, after she had drawn the ale from the cask!

The ruffian drained the mug hastily, threw down the change to pay, and quitted the public house.

# Camp-Fire Yarns.

Indian Gratitude. BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"Injuns allers remembers a good turn, an' they'll allers pay back of they kin," said our old friend, Joe Logstone. "I owns thet they're ginerally a pizen, mean set, an' yer all knows I never lets one uv'em slide when I gits a bead onto him, but thar wus a Injun onc't thet war as nigh white es a red-skin could be, an' what's more, he saved me from a burnin' thet would 'a' made cooked meat outen me in no time.

"Want ter hear it, do 'ee? Well, I don't see no reason why I shed be ashamed o' tellin' it, an' I will tell yer how thet Cheyenne

saved me the scorchin'.
"Ye all knows how the young men uv the tribe hes to torture tharselves afore they kin go on the war-path 'long with the old ones, an' they doose it by cuttin' slits in thar flesh an' hangin' up by puttin' lariats through the holes till the hides an' muskles

"Sometimes they ties buffler skulls an' the like to the holes in thar bodies, an' then goes t'arin' over the perrairy till they bu'sts loose, an' then ag'in they ropes tharselves to a mustang's tail, an' lets him drag 'em about ontil they bu'st loose too.

"It ar' a scand'lous practice, an' nobody but a heathen savage 'd be ketched at it. "You see, boyees, I've had ter speak uv this so you'd onderstan' what kim arterward.

One winter the Cheyennes made a big raid down on the settlements, an' on the'r road they fell foul uv my ranch on the Sweet Water, an' drew off the only good

"I war away seein' to my traps at the time er they'd 'a' ketched me too.

"I war powerful mad 'bout losin' the critter, an' arter waitin' till I calkerlated they war on the return-path, I lay off in the bresh, hopin' to git my claws on the gray

'Sho 'nuff they did kim by my way, an' I see the mar'; a big chief war straddle her, an' the imp looked proud 'nuff to make a feller b'leeve he owned the whold airth.

"No way I could fix it could I manage ter ketch the cuss nappin' long 'nuff for to nab the mar'. He eat his buffler alongside way her be clort with the lariest around his

uv her, he slept with the lariat around his arm, an' rid her from sun-up on mg."
"I followed thet Injun from whar my work, they laid fur me, an' they got me, too. I g'in 'em a powerful tussle, but thar wur three uv 'em, big 'uns, an' they throw'd an' roped me fast an' tight.

"Thet night thar war a big rumpus over

me, fur some on 'em know'd who I war, sorter carried my mark, you see, an' sich dancin', an' yellin', an' hootin', ye never

"The'r council sot, an' I wur told to git reddy to run the gantlet next mornin'.

"'Twur a powerful big village, an' the line wur a long 'un, reachin' from the tim-mer across the open plum into the'r village. "Ye all knows, boyees, what it ar' to run the gantlet. No joke, when the Injuns ar'

mad, you may depend.

"Well, I made it, but wur terribly hacked an' cut up, but I saved a couple uv the imps, an' that sot 'em wuss'n ever. About the fust jump er two, I downed a young feller an' got his club, an' you kin bet high thet I used it in that er race. Es I said, two uv 'em went on the'r journey to the huntin'-grounds, heads bu'sted cl'ar open.

"But it didn't save me from the scorchin' Next day it wur the stake, an' by time the sun wur straight up, they hed me tied up, an' the squaw uv one uv the warriors I hed rubbed out the day afore, teched off the

The seamed and weather-beaten countenance of the old trapper grew serious as he recalled this terrible episode in his adventurous life, and he paused a moment, as if loth to relate it.

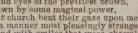
'Well, boyees," he resumed, "tha'r's menny uv you know how often Joe Logstone hes stood up fa'r an' squar' ag'in' death an' never flickered, but I'm willin' to own up that this time I got a leetle weak-kneed, an' wished powerful strong thet I was fa'rly

"The bleeze warn't long in runnin' aroun' the pile uv dry timmer an' pine knots, an' the like, an' purty soon it begun ter scorch my old hide, an' swing my ha'r right lively.

"I heard, onc't, down at Benton, a parson tellin' as how that was a somethin' er other, I've forgot what he called it, that kinder oversee'd things down hyar on the airth. Providence, thet's what he called it.

"Well, it must 'a' been that same, fur the

bleeze hadn't more'n got good a-goin', afore the all-firedest wet norther kim swoopin' down, an' afore the Injuns know'd what war up, the fire war squenched out, an' the sticks scattered all over the perrairy. Lordy, how it did rain! an' cold! whew, it fa'rly shaved the top-knots offen the imps' greasy



Bright eyes of the tenderest blue,
Such as angels, I fancy, might own,
And eyes of the merriest black,
And eyes of the prettiest brown,
Drawn by some magical power,
At church bent their gaze upon me,
In a manner most pleasingly strange,
And with smiles that were charming to see,

SMITTEN OR SMUT

BY JOE JOT, JR.

And with similes that were charming to I smiled, too, and thought to myself Of the one single fault that I had Of looking so witchingly sweet, And setting the girls' hearts quite mad; And I pitied these girls from my soul, As they sat there in sable and ermine. Losing their dear little hearts, Along with so much of the sermon.

I glanced at them sideways, and thought
It was nice to be gallant and gay,
And then I shook hands with myself—
A little exalted that day,
They smiled at me, too, in the gateway,
Though with them were good looking beaux,
And when I got home I went straightway
To washing the smul off my nose.

## Beat Time's Notes.

Some young men consider it more trying on the nervous system, to pop the question to the old gentleman than to the daughter. I never thought so. When I was a young man and meditated asking the old gent's consent the thought of it didn't worry me a bit. I composed the following little speech, which I committed to memory, and recited constantly to my bed-post, with my hat on, in a style decidedly dramatic:

"Mr. Snoozlem, that I have long loved your daughter, Arabella, you certainly are aware. I hope I am worthy of her. Happiness is our aim and matrimony is our desire, and your consent is all that is lacking to crown our joy. Will you have me for your son-in-law?"

So bold was I that several times I started right off to see the old gentleman, but thought better of it and came back; and I often went boldly by his place of business where he soled boots and shoes, without be

ing obliged to stop. Finally, I thought it was about time to get his consent; and one day, after walking by his shop several times for recreation, I went in and sat down on the old man's shoe-maker's wax. He had seen me so often that he thought it wasn't necessary to look up and recognize me, and after sitting quite awhile, watching him driving pegs, I began my little speech boldly and without hesita-

"Mr. Arabella, that I have long—that I have long loved your daughter—your daughter Snoozlem—no Mr. Snoozlem, that I have long loved you, you are certainly aware—I mean, Arabella—(it's quite warm in here, Mr. Snoozlem)—I hope she is worthy of me—that is, I hope I am worthy of her. Happiness is—is, I forget what, and matrimony is—is as well as could be expected. Your consent—consent is all that needs to be lacking—lacking to drown our Joy. Will you have me—will you have me, Arabella—Mr. Snoozlem, I mean—for a father-in-law? Yours truly." "Mr. Arabella, that I have long-that I have

The old gent laid his work aside very de liberately, slid his goggles up on his head, raised himself up to the hight of six feet, and as I went out of the door he didn't kick me, for the stool upon which I sat, and which still clung to me, presented a barrier.
That was the first time I popped the question to him; the next time, why, it was all

ADD together two-thirds, three-fourths, one-fourth and so forth.

IF one Dutchman can drink twenty-six glasses of beer when he is not thirsty, how many sheep, at twenty cents a yard, can go through a hole in the fence you paid no attention to, in an hour, if you have no objections, by the hay-scales, and you are not hungry when sugar is sixteen ounces to the pound, and your shoes leak, provided your summer clothes come home from the washerwoman's with every thing on them that ever was except the buttons, and you can pay the usual twenty-five cents on the dol-lar. Give the answer in-stanter

A, B AND C dine on nine loaves of bread. A eats one loaf: B eats two, and C the balance isn't C a hog of the deepest dye and the most beautiful proportion or any other man.

How poetically emblematic of patience is a thoughtful and pensive colored woodsawyer, as he stands with one foot, covered with a shoe which looks like it might have been a carpet-sack, upon a matter-of-fact stick of wood, the same held firmly by the aid of a highly spiritual saw-buck, while his herculean hands tightly grasp the ethereal saw which he draws mechanically slow up and down through the above-mentioned stick of wood to the tune of a dollar and a quarter a cord—I say how emblematic of patience?

THE portrait of myself, which I had painted to present to the society of Natural History, came home yesterday. The coat is a splendid likeness, the buttons are faultless, cravat true to life, but the face-well that's what's the matter with it. just like my grandfather; indeed, if I had ever had a grandfather, I should say it was he. I am very much out about it—I am out about two hundred dollars. It is rather too original.

BAD trees for society-the will-owes. A languishing tree—the pine. A hand-y tree—the palm. A seedy-tree—the seeder. The tree-devil-try. If they are not so, what are they?

An Indian female is a squaw, and an Indian female baby is a squall.

THE difference between a slow traveler and a female teacher is, that one misses the trains, and the other trains the misses. The fellow who originated the above didn't injure himself, for he got it out of his head through a crack.

Mary had a little lamp,
Its light was white as snow,
And every time that Mary went anywhere after dark,
That lamp was sure to go.

She filled it by the stove one night,
Which generally is the rule,
When it busted and went all over and burned her all Because she was a foo-fuel.

A MAN is pretty far gone whose ears, with holes punched in them, will both hang on one nail.

WHEN a man's trade fails to pay he finds that it pays to fail.



Fanny was about flying to the door to | watch him, when her parents entering, called her back. mong Rattlesnake Hills.

thin'.

his ha'r lifted.

Her wild manner again excited their sus picions. They would not believe a word she said regarding Jack, Thad Dreek, etc., picions. etc., but, as before, attributing her words to a disordered mind, locked her in her room. Really almost mad with anxiety, she paced her apartment, thinking the worst—fearing that the opiate might not take effect

oon enough upon one of Dreek's iron constitution. She was partly right. The drug did not begin to effect Thad until some time after he had left the public house.

Crouching in shadow, he, unperceived, saw Jack on his way to meet Fanny. The sailor walked along, whistling merrily. The rocks were in the way. Thad kept shifting his position, that he might the better take aim with the small pistol he carried, at the young man. Meanwhile a strange drowsiess was stealing over the ruffian. Feeling that it must soon overcome him, he stagger ed forward, as Jack moved along a rock bordering the sea, and took aim at his head

Now his heavy eyelids almost closed; he reeled. There was no time to lose; he pulled the trigger. Jack, whiring narrounds the trigger. With a loud cry, he drew himself forward. With a loud cry, he drew himself along toward Dreek, who now, stupid, neary senseless under the influence of the opiate, had rolled over the side of the sea-rock clinging to the edge. Before Jack could reach him, he let go his hold, and fell into the dark waters beneath.

Jack, who, owing to the ruffian's unsteady aim, was uninjured, vainly looked for the form of the would-be assassin, who never

rose again. "There was little need of my throwing myself down to avoid another shot!" mut-tered Jack; "that rascal, whoever he was, will never draw trigger again!"

Not meeting Fanny under the trees, he went straight to the public house. The old people knew him, notwithstanding the changes time had made. Poor Fanny was permitted to come down, when explanations

Will Branch fled from the country before he could be arrested. Jack made glad with his presence the heart of his old father, who subsequently urged no objection to his marrying pretty Fanny Brown.

Already an intelligent girl, she improved rapidly under the tuition of the old man, who was a ripe scholar, and made Jack one

ranch war, plum to the village in a holler

"Here I laid off in the bresh ag'in, hopin' some night ter be able to get in an' slip the gray off, but fur more'n two weeks I didn't 'Airly one mornin' while I war bogin

about in the timmer, I see a little bresh shelter, made outen sticks, limbs, an' the like, an' creepin' up es close es I dar'd, I heard sech a groanin' an' gruntin' es made me think suthin' must be the matter with "An' thar war, an' the wust kind o' su-

Twur one uv them young fellers es had been draggin' the buffler skulls, an' tyin' hisself to the hoss's tail, an' the like, an' he'd kim out in the timmer to suffer it out alone by hisself.

"You see, thet's part uv the play. They mus'n't hev no tendin' nor nussin', jess only sich yarbs es they can get for the'rselves in Well, hyar lay this youngster, an' a fine lookin' chap he must'a' been when all right an' squar' on his pins, about es nigh rubbed

out by his doin's es a feller well could be an' vit have the breath uv the atmospheric comin' in an' out. "He war nigh gone an' no mistake, jess hed stren'th ter look up, an' seein' it war a white man, shet his eyes an' prepar'd to hev

Well, ter make the story a short 'un, I jess tell you thet I waited on an' nussed the youngster till he war able to help hisself.
"Ef ever you see a grateful man in all yer borned days thet ar' Injun war the one.

"He'd 'a' expected ter hev his seulp took, an' 'stead o' that he'd been took keer uv same es his own mammy would 'a' done. "Injuns don't say much, but they doose think a lot. When this 'un went away, arter I hed told him 'bout the hoss, he jess only took my hand an' put it ag'in' his buzzem, an' sed, 'You git hoss.'

"But I didn't 'git hoss,' not by a darn sight. I knows the youngster tried his best, fur he tole me so arterward, but the cuss what had him kept sich a eye onto him 'twur onspossible to snake him off. But I hilt on, an' hilt on a leetle too long.

"One mornin' 'bout daybreak, I slipped over in a walley, whar I hed set a snar' to ketch suthin' to eat, an' war about takin' a mount'in rabbit offen the string when I felt my arms grupped on both sides an' found I

wur a pris'ner. "You see, the imps hed kim across the fixin', an', knowin' it wur a white man's

"Well, they cut me loose, an' took me back to the lodge alongside the council-house, an' thar they throw'd me, roped neck an' heels, onto a pile uv buffler skins to wait till next day.

"'Twur a long arternoon an' night, I spent in thet shanty. The raw hide cut, an the burnt places smarted, but, howsomdever, I fell asleep 'long to'ards mornin', an' forgot the whole biziness. I dunno how long I slep', but I war woked up by feelin' suthin cold rubbin' ag'in my hands, an' sorter twist-in' round. I see'd thet somebody wur aworkin' under the flap uv the tent, tryin' ter cut the blasted strings thet held my

'I know'd in a minit what it wur, an' you better b'leeve thet I helped him all I could. Purty soon my hands wur free, an' then I grupped the knife an' cut loc legs, an' crep' under the flap, as war hilt up by him outside. Jess es I expected, it war the young fel-

same one, an' its fixin's, an' a good lot string buffler stuffed away in my possible But what wur better ner all, juss outside the village, behind a clump uv timmer, thar stood the gray mar', saddle, bridle an'

'He hed my old pea-shooter, this hyar

ler I hed nussed in the bresh.

"'Twur es much es I could do to keep down a big yell, but the y'ungster shished, es much es to say, shet yer mouth, an' I shet her tight an' close. Thar ain't much more, boyees, fur when

I got the gray atween my legs, I wur es good es safe in the settlements 'Uv course they missed me at daylight, an' give me a powerful chase fur it, but I wur too menny for 'em.

By-em-by they all give out but two, an one uv them wur the cussed thief thet hed stole the mar', an' th'arby give me all the worry. Him I detarmined ter save, an' I did it too. When I see thar warn't but two in sight, an' they lappin' me purty strong, I hilt the mar' in a bit an' let 'em come up clost enough fur a fa'r range.
"Then I wheeled an' let the cuss hev it

smack inter his gizzard, an' the way thet Injun felt fur the groun' wur a caution to

oninterruptedly. "Thar's the whole uv it, boyees. Not much uv a yarn, nohow, but I only told you bout it ter prove thet a Injun kin be grateful jess es well es any other critter-

thet is ef he wants to.

"T'other one skooted fur better quarters, an' arter scalpin' my game, I made fur home

